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THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN for conferences with business leaders and public officials in order to help bring about continued business progress ought not to be regarded as a mere gesture from a badly scared politician to bolster a shaky stock market. Such an interpretation is unjust to Mr. Hoover, who has in times past given abundant evidence of his interest in the problem of business stabilization. His Committee on Recent Economic Changes, it will be remembered, pointed out that "our complex and intricate economic machine can produce, but to keep it producing continuously it must be maintained in balance. . . . Informed leadership is vital to the maintenance of equilibrium." What Mr. Hoover is really trying to do, apparently without knowing it, is to create a Supreme Council of National Economy for the United States, and it will be interesting to see how far he can go in our topsy-turvy capitalistic economy. He is right in wanting a planned economic system. But when he calls for increased construction activity in ship-building, already overbuilt, and raises the stale cry of the stimulation of exports, economists may be pardoned for wondering how far he has really thought the problem out, or indeed how far he is really capable of entertaining important general ideas. Meanwhile we wish him all success in every well-planned move for stabilizing our production, and we commend to his attention the importance of giving study to the question of its distribution.

PUBLIC FINANCE and business stimulation seem to be getting a little mixed in the Administration's program. We have long been solemnly assured that no tax reduction was safely possible, but following the market smash our talented Secretary of the Treasury discovered that income taxes might without difficulty be reduced by $160,000,000—despite the big tax shortage that will be caused by the collapse of security values. A few days later he suggested increasing the public-building appropriation by a quarter of a billion dollars over the coming ten years. Tax reduction under present and prospective conditions is crazy finance, but of course nobody says a word in criticism. There is no justification whatever for lowering federal taxes now except the psychological effect. If the Secretary of the Treasury wants to keep business going and to keep up security values, let him say so.

OUR PURE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, which finds it impossible to recognize Russia or even to take notice of Soviet aviators flying their way around the world, nevertheless has enough of the old-time Yankee trader in its make-up not to be able to refuse a cash offer for goods from the sons of Belial. Thus the United States Shipping Board, with the approval of the Department of State, has sold the Russians twenty-five steamships for a lump sum of $1,555,000. None of the vessels has been in service within seven years, and the lot was probably destined for the scrap-heap if Russia had not appeared as a buyer. So it is a good horse trade for Uncle Sam. Probably it is also good business for Russia, since the steamships cost only a song—less than $50,000 apiece—and are doubtless good enough for the purpose for which they are destined, the coastwise service. The purchase is significant from the Russian standpoint as marking a step toward the announced policy to develop a strong national merchant marine. Likewise the transaction is significant as indicating how even upright Uncle Sam will compromise his principles if he can make a few dollars thereby.

THE STATUTE OF THE BANK for International Settlements, the text of which, together with the draft of the articles of incorporation, was made public on November 14, appears to conform pretty strictly to the recommendations of the Young committee, but with significant omissions whose effect will be to limit materially the powers originally proposed for the Bank in the field of industry and commerce. The detailed provisions, naturally, cannot well be summarized, but it is important to note that the Baden-Baden committee, notwithstanding Mr. Hoover's announcement that the Federal Reserve system would not be allowed to have any official connection, direct or indirect, with the Bank, have nevertheless so drafted the statute as

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not only to provide for Federal Reserve representation in case the opposition of the Administration should be withdrawn, but also to give the Federal Reserve an indirect voice in the management of the institution even if it is not officially represented in the board of directors. Apparently the Federal Reserve system and Mr. Hoover are in for a trial of strength.

MORE DECENT CONDUCT and fewer fine phrases in dealing with Central and South America is what *La Prensa,* the leading journal of Argentina, would like to see on the part of the United States. Commenting upon Mr. Hoover's statement, in his Armistice Day speech, that "fear and distrust still exist among the nations," *La Prensa* remarks that "the constant intervening in Central American relations, the official vigilance over private interests in other countries, the sowing of unrest and discord among these countries which enjoy nothing except 'moral defense,' conspire against the establishment of that confidence which is now predicted for the near future." This was on November 13. The next day *La Prensa* launched another attack on American policy, vigorously arraigning the "unfavorable conditions in contracts, with a consequent diminution of the free exercise of their sovereign rights," which the United States has forced upon Latin-American states. "Although it is true," the Buenos Aires journal continues, that "the acceptance of these conditions" is due to the anxiety of the states to float loans, "the abdication of the victim does not excuse illegal negotiations or remove their illegal character." One wonders if Mr. Hoover, who referred in his speech with evident satisfaction to the friendly spirit in which he made his recent visit to South America, has any realization of the profound distrust and ill feeling toward the United States that are being nurtured in Latin America by the overbearing and lawless policy of the government of which he happens to be the executive head.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE a Socialist is the question that seems to be agitating some of the Socialists of New York City. Dr. John Haynes Holmes, speaking at a "jubilation meeting" of the party on November 17, urged the party to drop its name and sacrifice a part of its program for the sake of drawing to its support the independents and intellectuals such as supported Norman Thomas in the recent mayoralty campaign. There is no doubt that a considerable percentage of the vote that was given to Mr. Thomas represented voters who were not Socialists, and who would never have voted for a Socialist candidate if they had thought there was any real chance that he would be elected, but who took this method of registering their protest against the Republican and Democratic nominees. Thanks to Morris Hillquit, the proposal of Dr. Holmes was emphatically rejected by the Socialists and others present at the meeting; and Mr. Thomas, while agreeing with Mr. Hillquit that the party name was less important than the party principles, ranged himself with those who felt that the individuality of the party ought to be preserved. The action of the meeting, while of course in no sense the action of the party, seems to be from the standpoint of the doctrinaire Socialist entirely sensible. For those who would like to see an effective party of protest whose voting strength will be something to reckon with, the loss of all Socialist votes is a serious matter.

"THOU ART PETER," Jesus said, "and upon this rock I will build my church." And how is this rock split today! Sect quarrels with sect, the Holy Mother Church distrusts all her offspring, the offspring make undignified gestures at their mother and refuse to admit each other as brethren of the same household. Thus we see the Bishop of New York writing a firm letter to the Reverend Karl Reiland, rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, reproaching him for having asked Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin to hold a non-Episcopal communion service in his church. Dr. Coffin's sin, of course, lies in his being a Presbyterian instead of an Episcopal minister. Bishop Manning quotes the letter of the canon law to make it indubitably plain that he is only doing his duty in forbidding the services that Dr. Coffin was to conduct. The latter immediately asked to be excused from the obligation and Dr. Reiland withdrew his invitation to the New York Conference of the Christian Unity League to hold a service at St. George's. There are those who take issue with Bishop Manning, among them Dr. Reiland himself and a group of thirteen Episcopal clergymen who express regret and mortification at the Bishop's action and suggest that the matter be finally determined in the courts. Those who are unkind enough to give a thought to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, presided over by the Bishop himself, are doubtless a little cranky. But it would surely have been better if Bishop Manning had not talked quite so loudly about the "House of Prayer for All People," while collecting funds for the erection of the episcopal cathedral on Morningside Heights, before he became so meticulously concerned about the strict enforcement of the letter of the canon law.

WHETHER THE UNEASINESS in Mesopotamia is in part a reflection of the troubles in Palestine is not clear. But uneasiness there is—more than for many years, and it culminated in the dramatic suicide, upon the balcony of his own home, of the Prime Minister who had been responsible for the amicable negotiations with Great Britain. Opposition leaders had called him a traitor, the dispatches tell us, and his heart was grieved. But the explanation is hardly convincing. Sir Abdul Muhsin had heard such phrases used before, as has every statesman in the Mussulman world; one is forced to seek other explanations. The original British-Iraq treaty was ratified, back in 1922, by the vote of only 37 of the 100 members of the Assembly—24 voted against it, 8 abstained from voting, and 31 members refused even to attend. Subsequent treaties—and the continuous agitation in Iraq has made it necessary for the British to negotiate new treaties every two or three years—have been ratified by larger majorities; but it is not clear that every change of vote has been purely disinterested. A new series of negotiations had just been completed, resulting in the announcement that Britain was at last ready to conclude her overlordship and to request the League of Nations to admit the Kingdom of Iraq to enter the Geneva body in 1932 as an independent sovereign state. Presumably there were strings attached to that pledge, and perhaps plums attached to the strings, and possibly the discovery of these had much to do with Abdul's suicide. There is likely to be another chapter to the story—and trouble in Iraq, or Egypt, or Palestine, or even in India, means trouble throughout the vast Moslem territory over which the British flag still flies.

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THINGS SEEM TO BE GETTING WORSE rather than better in the Near East. The Arab-Jewish riots have died down, but the bitterness persists, and expresses itself in ways which may, in the long run, be even more dangerous than a sudden murder or riot. No Jew buys goods of an Arab, and no Arab buys of a Jew. Arab pickets stand about the streets; if an Arab merchant sells to a Jew, his windows are smashed and his goods spoiled; if an Arab is seen buying of a Jew he is beaten up, and, according to the custom of the East, even his family may be made to suffer. This boycott rots even the dormant roots of Jewish-Arab good-will; there had seemed to be reason to hope that the relative prosperity which Jewish capital brought to Palestine might ultimately change the Arab attitude. Nor has the British inquiry yet developed any rays of hope. Impartial it may be—both Jews and Arabs are attacking it—but there is need for more than neutrality. To the Arab mind the British are the protectors of an alien and aggressive race; to the Jews the British have violated their pledges of protection. Perhaps a permanent solution can come only if and when Zionist leaders, ceasing to depend upon the fragile word of a political government, work out a method of dealing directly with the Arabs. That is a faint hope today.

IN THE IMPORTANT matter of the Washington Embassy the British Prime Minister had only one alternative. He had either to appoint a diplomatist in the regular service, or else look for a representative public man who might prove to be a second James Bryce. During the past ten years only one independent name has ever been mentioned in this connection, the name of Professor Gilbert Murray; and, as far as we know, there has never been the smallest likelihood of the Cabinet's being favorable to a choice of that kind. The Washington Embassy is the prize of the service; service opinion is inevitably aroused if it goes to an outsider. The Labor Prime Minister's position is not so strong that he can ignore such considerations. No doubt Mr. MacDonald would have been perfectly ready to take the risk if there had been an eminent man of affairs or of ideas whose qualifications were universally acknowledged; but as a matter of fact there is no such man in the Labor Party or near it whose success in the United States would have been assured. Of Sir Ronald Lindsay the American public knows nothing beyond what they have learned from the press since his appointment—he has served at St. Petersburg, Teheran, Paris, The Hague, and Constantinople. He was British Ambassador at Berlin from 1926 to 1928. He has besides served in Washington, has married twice in this country, and for a short time has been the official head of the Foreign Office at London. We may take it for granted that he would not have been chosen as ambassador if Mr. MacDonald and Arthur Henderson had not been sure of his qualifications.

MR. J. H. THOMAS has his doubts about treating unemployment by the method of doles, and has even gone so far as to challenge the policy of the British Labor Party in the matter. As Mr. Thomas is minister in charge of unemployment as well as Lord Privy Seal, what he says has, of course, official as well as personal weight. "Anything that makes men and women rely on other efforts than their own, anything that tends to make young men and women look to the state for assistance which they themselves ought to give, is calculated," so Mr. Thomas is reported as saying, "to destroy and sap that independent spirit which built up the British race." By November 14, the day on which he spoke, the total of unemployed in England and Wales stood at 1,252,000, with an increase of 17,612 the previous week. In spite of Mr. Thomas's dissent, however, the Government made public on November 15 a new unemployment insurance bill making sharp increases in the dole and raising the total outlay for the coming year to $62,500,000. A private member's bill providing for a compulsory eight-days' vacation yearly for every person employed for one year—a bill which its opponents declare would cost industry $200,000,000 a year—was advanced to its second reading in the House of Commons. The doles themselves, even under Margaret Bondfield's new bill, are ridiculously small, but the aggregate constitutes a heavy burden for the British taxpayer without offering the least assurance that the burden will grow any less. The situation is complicated by the opposition of radical Labor members to the bill.

THE SALE OF THE *DAILY HERALD* to the Odham Press, Ltd., means that England's only labor daily passes out of the financial control of the Trades Union Council and into the hands of the capitalistic enemy. The new owners have given a guaranty not to interfere with the editorial policy or personnel of the paper. It is significant to remember, however, that the cause of the failure of the paper under labor's own control was its inability to obtain advertising in sufficient quantity to support its circulation of 300,000. The format will now be changed—for which its readers can offer sincere thanks—and the paper will be issued as a standard-size London morning paper and in a Manchester edition besides. We shall thus have the interesting spectacle of a business organization, with five millions of capital involved, writhing under the problem of making money while remaining essentially unpopular to those—the advertisers—from whom the money comes. One can only hope that labor will continue to have its daily, and that the owners will receive enough return on their capital to make them wish to keep the paper going.

T. P. O'CONNOR, Irishman and "Father of the House of Commons," who has just died serenely at the age of 81, had many gifts, but none more precious surely than his sense of humor. It was this sense of humor or sense of proportion that gave rise in "Tay Pay" to an immense kindliness that reached out to envelop every human being, "enemy" or friend; it is the quality that illuminates his "Memoirs" from beginning to end, though it does not in the least vitiate the story of Parnell and the violent struggle for Irish freedom to which the book is mainly devoted. Inevitably he drew to himself affection and respect. Only last summer he was presented by his friends in Parliament with a $50,000 trust fund to which members of all parties contributed and which he accepted with the characteristic remark that he had never heard of an Irishman refusing money. And "T. P." needed money, for in spite of his great success as a journalist he had no head for business and was poor to the end of his life. Throughout his career he followed the advice he gave not long ago to the young people of England: "Life is a great adventure. Live every hour of it and don't be buried until you are dead."

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After the Whirlwind

NOW that the big break in the stock market appears to have passed into history, those who were caught in the crash are busily and somewhat anxiously trying to look ahead and to discern what is likely to happen next. Will the market recover its equilibrium, perhaps after a few weeks or months of ups and downs, and the prices of stocks and bonds resume their upward course; or are we facing a period of general and perhaps increasing business depression with its usual accompaniment of unemployment? In the arrangement of causes and consequences, which is the cart and which is the horse? Is business now going to be bad and increasingly bad because of the stock-market break, or did the break come because business had already begun to decline and seemed certain to decline to still more depressing levels?

A good many people, including, of course, a certain number of members of Congress, have promptly insisted that Wall Street is the leader of the calamitous procession. The person who saw his margins or his savings fade away between dawn and dark, or who ruefully contemplates his engraved stock certificates worth today ten, fifty, or several hundred dollars less per share than they cost him, is prone to affirm that if it had not been for the speculators and gamblers he would not have had to take stunning losses. A wild or unscrupulous manipulation which forced the prices of even well-seasoned and high-grade securities to figures twenty, thirty, or forty times the earnings of the corporations; a swollen and constantly rising volume of brokers' loans; fluctuating rates for call money, time loans, or ordinary commercial discounts; a flood of surplus corporation funds poured into the call market; the flotation of huge issues of new securities which the investment market found itself unable to digest; stock split-ups which invited speculation in stocks previously too high for anybody not a multi-millionaire; an endless stream of confident advice from statistical bureaus and "services" and still more confident urging from tipsters: these things, familiar market phenomena of the past two years, seem to point inevitably to Wall Street as the moving influence in the great debacle.

Yet it is worth while remembering that the stock market, however great its powers of mischief may be, is after all only a reflection, albeit with more or less of distortion, of what is actually going on in the business world. Neither the daily figures of the ticker tape, nor the weekly reports of brokers' loans, nor the ups and downs of the call-money rate are a sufficient explanation of the recent catastrophe. There have been for some time warning signs that the business of the country was not altogether healthy. The great automobile industry, for example, has seen its profits menaced by severe competition, and the manufacture of motor accessories has in turn felt the pinch. Economy in the use of railway equipment has reacted upon the steel industry by keeping down the demand for locomotives and cars. Trucks and passenger automobiles have cut heavily into the revenues of the railways, the building industry has obviously been overdone, the textile industry has long been in the doldrums, the over-production of oil has hung over the market like a dark cloud, price cutting has invaded tobacco products, radios, and airplanes, State and municipal indebtedness has gone up by leaps and bounds, and the federal government has thought it necessary to set aside half a billion dollars of the taxpayers' money to keep the farmers from going completely under.

All this means a serious dislocation of the balance between production and consumption, a widespread readjustment of industry to meet new conditions, and an unprecedented expansion of the credit structure. Thanks to machinery and credit, the ability to produce far exceeds the ability to consume, and the struggle for survival has never been so keen. The bursting of the stock-market bubble, blown to the limit by speculators and a public blind to the fact that what goes up may also come down, has laid bare some of the major weaknesses of the economic situation. Does it mean, however, that the United States, having overreached itself and lost its head in the prosperity scramble, is now going to the dogs? Is the country headed for calamity, with the stock market carrying the flag?

We think not. It would be strange if the violent collapse of security prices which has lately occurred, and the heavy losses which rich and poor alike have unquestionably sustained, were not followed by a period of relative stagnation, and if that period were not somewhat prolonged. The bankers who are carrying the brokers, and the brokers who are carrying their customers, will need more than a few weeks to straighten out their affairs. It may very well be that the next six months will see a gradual slowing down of industry, trade, and employment in many important directions, for the simple reason that there will be less money to spend, less collateral on which to borrow, less ability to take on speculative commitments. Over against such a recession, however, are to be set some hopeful facts. There was no "panic" in the stock market even when the downward plunge was at its worst. Not a single important banking or brokerage house has failed, industry as a whole shows as yet little more than a normal seasonal recession, and some unexpectedly good reports have been made even by steel and automobile corporations. Foreign trade remains good, corporation surpluses are still large, and corporations that have not paid dividends before or that have not paid any for some time are preparing to pay them now. Paper values in many cases have evaporated, but real values remain intact.

The great task of the next few months is the restoration of confidence—confidence in the fundamental strength of the financial structure notwithstanding the strain that has been put upon it, confidence in the essential soundness of legitimate industry and trade. Criticism of Wall Street will not help much, and neither great banking establishments nor well-heeled investors are alone sufficient for the need. The public that has allowed itself to be drawn into the stock market at unprecedented cost to its pocket must recover its good sense, and the best service that the average man can render to that end is to keep his head and cheerfully shoulder his own share of the blame.

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Food Ships in War Time

PRESIDENT HOOVER, in his Armistice Day address, advanced the proposal that neutral food ships in time of war be exempt from capture. He connected the proposal with the reduction of armaments, by pointing out that fear of stoppage of food supplies stimulates certain nations to insist on a large navy. He added further that "the time has come when we should remove starvation of women and children from the weapons of warfare." From the reception given to this proposal, one would suppose that the President had made a most radical suggestion. In fact, with a slight qualification the President's proposal is but a restatement of a rule of law two centuries old. Food was never to be contraband and, since 1856, was to be free from capture in a neutral vessel, regardless of ownership, unless directly and exclusively destined for the armed forces of the enemy. The only modification of existing law in the President's proposal is that it might open lawful blockades to an exception for foodstuffs.

There can be nothing but praise for the humanitarian impulse that unquestionably animates Mr. Hoover's proposal. The starvation of non-combatants in the World War was one of the most dreadful features of that ghastly struggle. It was accomplished in no small part by means wholly illegal. Against the illegality of unrestricted submarine warfare President Wilson protested vigorously, and finally carried us into the war on that issue. Against the illegality of the Allied "blockade," which was not a legal blockade in terms of the old international law, he did not protest effectively and the old law of blockade in consequence went by the board. Mr. Hoover would seem to be trying to repair the damage. Every decent human being must wish to prevent the starvation of non-combatants in war time.

But the question is by no means so simple as that, and the proposal cannot be judged purely on humanitarian and legal grounds. Careful though he is to put forward his suggestion only as an idea for discussion, the President cannot divest himself of his office, nor can he forget that the United States, as the most likely food-supplying neutral in a future European war, would be the chief beneficiary of immunity for food ships. Nor can the President blink the fact that as war is now conducted the supplying of food to non-combatants only releases so much more food for the fighting forces. By way of suggesting the practicability of his proposal, he calls attention to the more than two thousand shiploads of food delivered by the Belgian Relief Commission through two rings of blockades under neutral guaranties. What he does not point out is that this food was delivered, not to the Germans, but to the non-combatant population of a Belgium occupied by German armies. Mr. Hoover knows as well as anyone else that the Allies, locked in a death grip with the Central Powers, interfered ruthlessly, albeit illegally, with neutral commerce whenever such commerce promised to help feed the Germans. He knows, moreover, that in any future war a belligerent faced with the same supposed necessity will act in the same way. We are not defending such action; we are pointing it out as a fact. It is futile to try to make war humane by laying down rules. Give belligerents an adequate motive, and they will break the rules.

To us, then, the President's proposal seems wholly divorced from the realities of the situation, and we see little to be gained by its discussion. Assure Great Britain, says Mr. Hoover in effect, of food supplies in war time, and Great Britain will be less insistent on a powerful navy. But is Mr. Hoover so simple as to suppose that in any future war an enemy of Great Britain would lose any possible chance to starve her into submission, agreement or no agreement? If you cannot guarantee the nations against war, you cannot guarantee them against use of any supposedly effective means of waging war. It is highly unfortunate for the President of the United States to put forward an impracticable idea for regulating war, whose practical effect, assuming it put into operation, would probably be chiefly to make large sums of money for American citizens. We cannot see that his proposal is likely either to advance disarmament, as he suggests, or to make any future war less inhumane.

On the other hand, his suggestion is calculated, despite his disavowal, to increase the difficulties of the London conference. Actual military and naval reductions, as things go, wait on the slow process of international agreement. Over and over again the United States has played a lone hand, and Mr. Hoover is continuing that evil tradition in his Armistice Day speech. After all, the United States is in the world, and its President speaks with the necessary authority of his great office. We could wish that there were more evidence of his having thought out all the implications of the policy he suggests and of his having given due consideration to the international and not simply the purely American aspects of that policy. Peace is not to be had without international thinking.

The Duties of a Citizen

ROSIKA SCHWIMMER is not the only woman who has been refused citizenship in the United States because she refused to put herself on record as willing to bear arms in her country's defense. Martha Jane Graber, resident of Ohio, has just been refused naturalization papers by Judge Fred C. Becker of the Court of Common Pleas of Allen County in that State. Miss Graber will carry her case to the United States Supreme Court if necessary; one can only hope that Justice Holmes will not then be obliged to write again one of his famous ironic dissenting opinions.

The testimony in Miss Graber's case should be enlightening to every person fortunate enough to have been born in this country. The Court asked Miss Graber:

> Are you willing to serve in the army, if need be, in time of war?
>
> *A.* I am willing to serve in my profession . . . a registered nurse. . . .
>
> *Q.* Suppose your country saw fit to demand your service in the army in time of war as a combatant, to take part in the war; explain what you would do under such circumstances.
>
> *A.* I would go to the front in my profession.
>
> *Q.* That doesn't answer my question. My question was: Suppose you were called upon to act as a combatant in time of war for the United States, would you fight?
>
> *A.* That would not be professional as a nurse.
>
> *Q.* That doesn't answer the question: Are you willing

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to fight for the United States if need be? You understand what is meant by fighting, Miss Graber; I mean to take up arms in defense of the United States if necessary.

A. I cannot kill but I would be willing to give my life.

Q. Do I understand that you mean that you are unwilling to fight for the United States?

A. Do you mean by "fighting," killing?

Q. I do if necessary. Such is war, Miss Graber. . . . The question is as to whether or not in time of war, if need be, you are willing to shed blood in defense of the United States.

A. I said I would be willing to shed my own blood to protect this government.

Q. I am not asking you as to your willingness to shed your own blood; I am asking you as to your willingness to shed the blood of others if need be.

A. I conscientiously could not do that.

Miss Graber went on to explain that she had attended the public schools of Ohio and Kansas, that her brothers and sisters had been naturalized, that none of them had ever "had any difficulty with the United States," that she loved this country and preferred its kind of government to any other, and that she had no connections, property or other, with Germany, the land of her birth. But the judge was not satisfied. He summed up his questions of the petitioner and once more repeated his specific query. Miss Graber replied:

As I said before I could not bear arms; I could not kill; but I am willing to be sacrificed for this country.

The Court. The petition of the applicant will be dismissed.

And dismissed it was. But its dismissal, and its very possible subsequent dismissal in a higher court, ought to make a good many natural-born citizens of the United States, men as well as women, very thoughtful indeed.

Thomas Mann

SEVERAL men have recently been mentioned as possible recipients of the Nobel Prize for Literature, but the announcement that it has been awarded to Thomas Mann should be the occasion of general satisfaction. The years which have passed since the publication in 1901 of his first major work, "Buddenbrooks," have not yet been sufficient to enable us to take the full measure of his greatness, but that greatness is undoubtedly genuine. We are only now beginning to appreciate certain aspects of his genius which were originally revealed before the time was ripe for understanding them.

When "Buddenbrooks" first became known in America it was generally regarded as a contribution to realistic sociological fiction and its author was frequently compared to John Galsworthy. Accordingly, a certain surprise was occasioned here by the appearance of the three gorgeous but sinisterly poetic tales published under the title of "Death in Venice," and this surprise was turned into bewilderment on the publication of "The Magic Mountain"—a novel of unmistakable power but one cast in a wholly new form and tantalizingly elusive in theme. Mann seemed protean and unclassifiable. He seemed to change so often that it was impossible to understand him, yet if one will examine his life and work it will appear that the difficulty lies less in him than in the inability of his critics to divest themselves of expectations and to listen to the new things that he has to say to them.

"Buddenbrooks" was in many respects autobiographical. Mann himself was the grandson of a sturdy burgher who had founded a great commercial fortune, and like the hero of the last section of the novel he had seen that fortune decline while he found himself drawn toward the arts rather than toward commerce. The problem of the book is concerned with the meaning of the process by which civilization and prosperity seem inevitably to produce the artist whose qualities are the very ones least likely to sustain the structure upon which civilization and prosperity rest. It asks, in effect, whether or not this fact proves that the artistic temperament is the result of a kind of decadence, and in so doing it suggests the central theme of Mann's work. In "Death in Venice" he describes with brilliant sympathy the final defeat of mere sensitivity in a world which demands a certain sturdiness as the price of survival; and in "The Magic Mountain" he makes a semi-allegorical tale the occasion for an enormously subtle metaphysical discussion of the predicament of the modern soul, afflicted with a disease of which, perhaps, it ought not to be cured.

In "The Magic Mountain" the problem is seen in its largest aspect. It is no longer merely a question of the decline of a family but of the fate of Western civilization as a whole, and the conflict between the artist and the man of affairs appears as merely one aspect of a conflict between two imperfectly distinguishable groups of spiritual forces. Mankind, like the patients in the Alpine establishment which furnishes the setting for the action, is running a temperature, but the very feverishness of its condition makes it more difficult to evaluate the contradictory ideas and impulses which meet it on every side. It has grown subtle but this very subtlety makes decision more difficult, and it is prone to remain a passive patient who has accepted his temperature chart as the chief object of his interest. The book is brilliantly concrete in its details but it is also an allegory almost inexhaustibly suggestive. Here, under the guise of fiction, is a debate about civilization and one in which the problems are continually stated in fresh terms.

"Buddenbrooks" links Mann with the tradition of Galsworthy and Wells, but he begins, both as an artist and a thinker, where they leave off. He has obviously found both the form and the content of the works produced by their school inadequate, and he has succeeded in creating something new. On the intellectual side his work reveals a shift from politics and sociology in the direction of metaphysics and philosophy; on the formal side a shift from literal realism in the direction of a more highly imaginative method which makes use of acute observation but is not content with mere reproduction. "The Magic Mountain" in particular is an answer to those who have asked for something radically new in fiction because they have felt that sociological realism was played out. It belongs to no established genre and thus, though its author is by no means a young man, the Nobel Prize Committee may be said to have honored one who belongs rather to the future than to the past. Thomas Mann is a prophet, not in the sense that he has predicted future events, but in the sense that he seems to have anticipated the problems and the interests of a time subsequent to that in which he writes.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE report of the Carnegie Foundation brings up again the problem of the college athlete and whether he is worthy of his hire. Yet when it comes to football it seems to me that the reformers are moving in precisely the wrong direction. They would have the colleges weed out the pros and semi-pros and leave the game only to students in good standing. And if this is not feasible there are many who roundly declare themselves in favor of abolishing the sport altogether.

That would be a pity, for among outdoor games it ranks second from the spectators' point of view. And if we admit the fact that football is played almost entirely for the spectators we can easily arrive at a new perspective on the problem. By all means let us have college football, but under the regulation that no member of any eleven shall be a bona fide student in good standing. This would end all the evils of which complaint is made. Obviously, it is the man of high intellectual potentiality who is harmed by the sport rather than the youth with no claims to scholarship whatsoever. Many an athlete who has been barred from competition because of falling behind in his studies has continued to do badly even when relieved of the responsibilities of football. In such cases the game was not at fault.

Conditions were better in the so-called bad old days when everybody accepted the tramp athlete without question. He was in college for football only and he resided at the institution which provided the greatest opportunities for glory plus a living wage. As long as this was frankly and freely admitted the situation was above reproach. The demand for simon-pure amateurism has merely served to bring about a hypocritical concealment. In some of our institutions for the higher learning the entire backfield is a bootlegged product. To those who look at the questions realistically it seems simple to hit upon the arrangement that all colleges should be divided up into two groups. There could be those who have come in all reverence to worship knowledge and the other group entirely bent upon gridiron successes. They might well be known as the prayers and the players.

There can be no doubt that the pursuit of knowledge and the pigskin chase are largely incompatible. Many educators have deplored the fact that athletes make poor scholars, while Gil Dobie, the Cornell coach, annually laments the amount of fumbling which is to be found among Phi Beta Kappas. Colleges would do well to recognize this and establish separate departments for sport and study. Let the amateur spirit be preserved in the classroom while football is turned over to well-trained and competent professionals who are unfettered by any other interests.

It will be said that here and there some college has produced a great running back who was also brilliant in his classes. But this ought not to be a matter of pride. Football is such an exacting game that no man can go through a season and give more than a perfunctory amount of attention to his work. I mean his classroom work. The game itself in these modern days is labor of the hardest sort. Accordingly when a good athlete manages to maintain a high academic standing we are faced with the fact that a truly fine talent is being dissipated. A first-rate scholar is far too precious to be risked in any mass play. Conditions should be so arranged that never again need a coach be able to complain: "In the second half I had so many men hurt that I had to play students."

The same folk who invented the comforting fallacy that fish don't feel the hook have also popularized the notion that healthy young men love to meet in vital combat on the gridiron. But every inquiry has tended to prove that college football is not enjoyable to those who compete. The practice is arduous and for the most part deadly dull. In this respect the game differs from other forms of college sport. In baseball, for instance, the candidates for the nine get most of their practice by indulging in scrub contests. The same is true of basketball and hockey. But the college football regular plays precious little football in the course of a season. Once the make-up of the eleven has been fairly well established it is necessary to protect and conserve the more important units in the machine. After the middle of the season almost no scrimmaging is done. Instead there is an endless amount of running through signals and practicing formations in dummy drill. In such endeavor of course there is not the slightest chance of enjoyment for anybody. Football practice is plain drudgery and like all drudgery can be justified only by honest and generous compensation.

I would turn college football over to professional representatives because the game is not well adapted to men of ordinary college age. Injuries would be much less frequent if the average age of the participants were twenty-four or five. A youngster of seventeen or eighteen has no business at all on the football field. His bones are too brittle for such grinding punishment. Even less is the psychic side of football adapted to the frailties of the rising generation. It is monstrous to take a fledgling and put him on exhibition before some eighty thousand spectators. The lad who makes a mistake under such trying circumstances will be pilloried to the millions in the headlines of the newspapers. Fumble Costs Yale the Game, when set in large type, is easily enough to send an impressionable youth into the world maimed and ashamed. Even more deadly is the error of tactics. The quarterback who calls for the wrong play in a moment of stress on the three-yard line will be known to the surrounding countryside as a dumb-bell for the rest of his days. At eighteen such public humiliations are not easily shaken off, and boys ought not to be subjected to them.

But professionals rather more mature might be expected to take such things in their stride. Not one of them, I suppose, could reasonably be expected to die for dear old Rutgers and yet they would give their employers an honest run for their money. The hysterical nature of football excitement would tend to be reduced to normal proportions. Yet there would still be room for reasonable pride in victory. In this utopian day one imagines a Yale alumnus saying to a Harvard companion: "Good team you've got this year." To which the Harvard man might well reply: "It ought to be. We pay them enough."

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Wall Street Upside Down

By ALFRED L. BERNHEIM

WHEN trading in securities ended for the day on November 13, the average price of industrial stocks which make up the Dow-Jones index had fallen 182.48 points from the high mark reached on September 3. Over the same period railroad stocks, starting from a level approximately 192 points lower than industrials, had dropped 61.04 points. In terms of percentages, the decline amounted to about 48 per cent in the case of the former class of securities and to about 32 per cent in the case of the latter.

Admitting some uncertainty as to the degree in which these averages, based on a selected list, represent the course of stocks in the aggregate, it is unquestionable that a drastic revaluation of common-stock equities has taken place. The readjustment has been the more spectacular because it has been crowded into such a short space of time. Less than three weeks elapsed from the first severe crash on October 24, and during this period the exchanges were not even working full time.

The recovery from the lowest prices which occurred on November 14 and 15, though marked, has not appreciably made up previous losses. Whether it will be immediately extended it is difficult to say. Wall Street opinion is, however, unanimous in decrying the possibility of a broad "bull" market for at least several months to come; and almost equally concurrent is the opinion that a repetition of the demoralized selling that characterized most of the trading days between Octoer 24 and November 13 is highly improbable. What is generally expected is a recession in the volume of business, accompanied by a narrowing of daily price fluctuations and a gradual and orderly further readjustment of prices of common stocks to present yields and earnings, modified by prospects for the reasonably immediate future.

Attempts to account for the crash of 1929 have been many and varied. That the Federal Reserve Board failed to exercise adequate control, or was not constituted so that it might exercise it; that the recalcitrant senators in Washington destroyed confidence by obstructing tariff legislation; that the bankers wanted to shake the public out of its holdings so that they could acquire them themselves at lower levels; that "a powerful bear clique" raided the market; that an unwholesome proportion of credit was being absorbed in speculation and had to be released; that the investment trusts were responsible; that the bankers had dumped a huge mass of "undigested" securities on the public; that prices had been driven up beyond all reason through lack of judgment and a false sense of security in the endless continuation of prosperity at an accelerating pace, thereby creating an unhealthy technical condition that had to be corrected—these and still other explanations, ranging from plausible to palpably absurd, have been offered by stock-market apologists.

The most widely voiced and most widely accepted opinion, however, is that the break was caused by the maladjustment between prices of common stocks and their investment value, and was not brought about by a credit stringency or a business recession; in other words, that it was the "internal" conditions of the security exchanges and not the "external" conditions of the world of business and finance that were responsible. This seems, in the main, correct, though we should bear in mind that the business situation did offer an excuse for a reversal in the stock-market trend. Witness, for example, the *Annalist* index of business activity which declined with but one interruption from May to October, and which for the first time since August, 1928, is now below the index of the corresponding month of the preceding year.

What the investment value of a common stock is, and what the proper relationship is between its market price and, say, its book value, or its dividend rate, or its earning power, is anybody's guess. But we do not need a precise yardstick to determine—especially in retrospect—that by any measure of value prices of many common stocks had reached levels that were not justified by existing conditions or by a sober appraisal of the immediate future. An unsound situation of immense proportions had been built up. A break had to come sooner or later, and when it came it found the market unable to cope with the selling pressure in an orderly manner.

If we are to believe that the stock market is an accurate barometer of changes in the business atmosphere, then there must be a spell of dirty weather in the offing. But whatever barometric virtues the market may have had in the past—and I doubt if they were ever as great as is often imputed—they have been pretty thoroughly dissipated in recent years. The Coolidge-Mellon "bull" market did herald a period of corporate prosperity, but corporate profits, substantial as they were, fell decidedly short of the promise held forth by the rise of security prices. The Hoover-Mellon "bear" market seems, by every indication, an equally fantastic prognosticator of the business trend during the coming year.

Yet, if there is little justification for the belief that the country is about to plunge into a period of depression, there is no greater justification for that which holds that the tempest will scarcely ruffle the surface of prosperity. While advancing security prices do not, in a fundamental sense, create wealth, and declining prices do not destroy it, yet not only speculators but investors as well expand their purchases when the market points upward and contract them when the reverse condition prevails. Even when losses are only of the paper variety and when dividend returns continue unchanged a feeling of poverty is created.

I do not know how many people are interested in common stocks, but their number, although small in proportion to the total population, certainly represents a group to be reckoned with. Consumer-ownership and employee-ownership campaigns and the widespread propaganda in favor of common stocks as investments have greatly expanded stockholders' rolls during recent years. In 1919 the American Telephone and Telegraph Company had about 120,000 registered stockholders. In October, 1929, it had about 455,000. Whether it is wise or unwise for "widows and orphans," small-salaried men and women and wage-earners to invest

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their savings in common stocks, whether margin buying is immoral or not, it is none the less a fact that when several million people simultaneously reduce their purchases, industry is certain to feel the effect. It is of course the "luxury trades" that are first hit, but some recession is bound to come in many other lines.

The "psychology of the situation" is a real, though intangible, factor. Fear of hard times, uncertainty, loss of faith in the continuation of prosperity do much to create the difficulties we would avoid. There are, to be sure, bright spots which have been pointed out by all commentators. We are in a better condition today to recover from the stock crash than if it had occurred at any previous time. The recession in business should be comparatively mild and comparatively of short duration, but we are not going to be let off scot-free by any means—all the optimistic propaganda offered for public consumption notwithstanding. And the innocent bystander, in no wise responsible for the stock market's gyrations, is, unfortunately, going to take his full share of whatever financial punishment is going to be meted out.

Deflation does not occur unless there has previously been inflation. Whatever troubles may be in store for us can be laid at the doors of those who aided and abetted the late lamented "bull market"—in particular the visionless, leaderless, opportunist banking fraternity and those who ran its ballyhoo.

Russia from a Car Window

IV. The Unfolding of a Great Drama*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I. What Stalin Claims

HOW is it progressing, this mightiest of dramas in the land of the Soviets? The second act is well under way; it nears its end. Are the Bolsheviks winning against time itself? Of the contending forces within their own ranks, are those controlling whose motto is communism *über Alles,* or those who would place speed of industrialization above all else?

Stalin himself has just answered the first question, on the occasion of the twelfth anniversary of the founding of the Soviet regime, in a three-column article.

> Today [he says] we are attacking capitalism all along the line and defeating it. Without foreign capital we are accomplishing the unprecedented feat of building up heavy industry in a backward country. This year our capital investment in industry will amount to 3,500,000,000 rubles (about $1,750,000,000). We have won the peasant masses—the "middle" peasants—to collective farming, and in two or three years we shall be one of the greatest, if not the greatest, grain-producing country in the world. With giant strides we move toward Lenin's aims—industrialization, electrification, and mechanization. . . . And then, when we have industrialized the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, and set the mujik to driving tractors, let the honorable capitalists, with their "civilization," try to outstrip us. Then we shall see which country can be called backward, and which the vanguard of human progress.

Thus, the leader of the Russia of today. He can well afford to crow at present, whatever the future may bring forth; for there is considerable basis for his claim of remarkable achievement. Moreover, his wing has smothered its antagonists within the Communist Party, not only by forcible repression, but because they have speeded up industrialization so that his opponents can no longer assert with truth that Lenin's program is not being sufficiently hurried.

If one can believe the official figures the Bolsheviks, though still cut off from much of the rest of the world, are surprising even themselves by their achievements. Every office-holder with whom the members of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce delegation talked last summer was armed with endless figures to prove that his branch of industry or his unit of the government was far ahead of the program of accomplishment set for them. In this attitude they differed not a whit from any American official. In thirty-two years I have not met one of our office-holders who was not certain that he was a complete success in his job, that his official rulings and decisions were beyond all question wise and just. In Russia there is, of course, an obvious reason why no pessimism would be tolerated from a Soviet official, especially when talking to foreigners. In only a few cases were there admissions that the state's relations to the rich peasants are badly strained, and that agriculture, or private enterprise, or some branch of industry is not up to what was expected of it.

II. Are the Figures Trustworthy?

Shall one or shall one not believe official figures? There is no more vital question for the unbiased observer in Russia. The anti-Bolshevik scoffs at the idea; the statistics, he says, are all cooked up to suit. When I insisted to a group of Moscow gentlemen, constituting the staff of the leading commercial daily, that the official statistics were colored and untrustworthy, they were deeply stirred. They assured me that they were all trained economists; that it was their business to examine official claims and to check up on them, and that they were entirely free to comment in their daily as they saw fit upon the results of their tests. They insisted that they had complete liberty to criticize any functioning of the administrative machine; that they frequently printed editorials criticizing the government; that it would not be possible for the government to deceive them. It could not, for example, lie about its trade with the United States, for its figures could be tested by the official American reports. They were too genuinely hurt and stirred—almost to anger—by my suggestion to be else than sincere. Yet somehow a doubt remains with me, perhaps because of my long experience with American officialdom and its reports.

* This is the fourth of a series of six articles. The fifth will appear in our next issue.—Editor The Nation.

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By that I do not mean to imply deliberate distortion; I fear rather the rosy-colored vision of each official's achievement which he reports to his immediate superior.

But comparing the figures given to us in Russia last summer with those that have been coming out of Russia since our return, the newest ones are even more optimistic and astounding. They are transmitted with the approval and, in some cases, complete confidence of the American press representatives in Moscow. For example, here are the preliminary estimates for the fiscal year from October 1, 1929, to September 30, 1930. They show that the federal budget has been jumped from eight billion to ten billion rubles; that industrial production last year increased 24 per cent instead of 21.4 per cent as planned. Labor productivity and wages are shown to have risen according to plan, and agriculture has done much better than expected. Only in improvement of the quality of goods and of first costs have the budget forecasts of last year not been attained. Under the original draft of the five-year plan the increased industrial production was to have been 20 per cent for the coming fiscal year; instead it has now been raised to between 32 per cent and 35 per cent. Instead of a capital investment of 3,500,000,000 rubles, as Stalin announces, the investment during the coming year is to be double that amount.

III. The Soviets and the Peasants

What is the basis for Stalin's claim that the peasants have been won over? In the first place, despite what is really a war with the dissatisfied peasants, grain collections this fall already amount to more than eleven million tons, which is 10 per cent more than last year's total, and there are reports still to come, for the collection is not complete. More important than that, the Bolshevik figures assert that in European Russia and Siberia the 800,000 hectares (1,976,000 acres) of state farms have grown in 1928-29 to more than 5,500,000 hectares (13,585,000 acres). Next year, it is prophesied, there will be eight million hectares. Whereas the five-year plan called for 36,000 collective farms in 1929, there are instead 57,000. From the Ukraine comes the amazing word that the goal of 1,300,000 hectares of state farms provided under the five-year program has already been reached in the second year of the series; that collective farms scheduled to reach 3,400,000 hectares already total 5,600,000 hectares. Walter Duranty of the New York *Times* quotes with approval the declaration of the Ukrainian Commissar of Land that "what is going on is not agrarian reform but agrarian revolution," and that "when the five-year plan began we talked of a socialized fraction or percentage to be compared with individual farming. Now we reckon them side by side. Tomorrow we shall talk of an individual fraction compared with socialized farming." This is so extraordinary as to suggest the miraculous, especially in view of the reports of wholesale executions of kulaks on charges of arson and murder. Mr. Duranty says truly that it is "a veritable earthquake which is standing the whole country on its head"; "it is a battle more vital to humanity than Gettysburg or Verdun."

Writing from a remote Russian village in September last, Sherwood Eddy, who has just been making his annual trip to Russia, reports thus:

> The process of (agricultural) socialization is going on at terrific speed, and at present it looks as if it would succeed. . . . We heard individual peasants bitterly complaining of hard times, heavy taxes, and seizures of grain, but always admitting that at worst they are far better off than under the unforgotten oppression of czarism. We heard the members of the collectives telling of their privileges, lightened taxes, modern machinery, larger crops, and increase of personal comforts and a higher standard of living. The revolution is now on in full force in the villages, as it was a decade ago in the cities.

Whatever is reported, from whatever source, as to agricultural progress, it must never be forgotten by American readers that the figures cited connote an enormous amount of suffering and heartbreak. For generations these tillers of the soil coveted and craved the land they worked for absentee landlords. Then the revolution gave them their hearts' desire, and now, only twelve years later, it is being taken away from them again, and they are being herded into the new rural centers which are, as Mr. Eddy suggests, rendered more palatable by such things as radios, a school, perhaps a church, a hospital, a dispensary, workers' clubs, and amateur theatricals. But it is impossible to believe that the peasant will willingly change from the status of small owner to that of an employee of the state.

IV. The Astounding Industrial Progress

Turning to the industrial field, here are some of the official statements of progress: In 1926-27 the total industrial production of Russia was 105.4 per cent as compared with pre-war figures; for 1927-28 it was 111.5 per cent. The iron industry is still well behind pre-war figures with 66.5 per cent, with metallurgical products at 85.2 per cent. Sugar lagged, with only 69 per cent of the 1913 production, but cotton has nearly reached par with 94.5 per cent. Coal and oil are the banner industries, the former being credited with 128.4 per cent and oil with 110.6 per cent—the latter a remarkable achievement in view of the damage done in the oil fields in the world and civil wars. In the Ukraine the total industrial product rose in the four years from 1924-25 to 1927-28 from 1,568,000,000 rubles to 3,042,000,000, almost doubling. Prior to the war, in the city and province of Leningrad the total industrial output was valued at 907,000,000 rubles; today the figure is 1,045,000,000. Despite a decrease in the average working day from 9.5 hours to 7.6 hours, the average productivity of labor has increased 35.7 per cent in this province. Since 1924-25, 500,000,000 rubles have been invested in Leningrad's industries, of which 413,000,000 were expended in building new and reconstructing old plants, the cost of the Volkhov Hydro-Electric Power Station, nearly 94,000,000 rubles, not being included. Finally, the port of Leningrad had a freight turnover of 283,000,000 tons in 1927-28, practically the pre-war figure despite the disappearance of the grain-export trade which was very large before 1914.

Turning to the South, in the Tartar Republic the increase of acreage under cultivation runs 11 per cent above the highest pre-war level; cattle are 19.5 per cent above, and sheep 21 per cent. The total value of pre-war agricultural products was 95,000,000 rubles; today it is 120,000,000. Still more remarkable, in the last three years the total value of industrial products has risen 94.2 per cent, and the number of workers has increased 47.8 per cent. Whereas before the war Tartars were not allowed to work in any factory, today there are five thousand in industrial pur-

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suits. Only in the little German Volga Republic was there an admission made to us last summer that the agricultural pre-war status had not been regained. The head of the local Soviet claimed only 85 per cent of the pre-war output. It is from this little republic that seven thousand unhappy Germans are just now emigrating to Canada with probably more to follow.

Turning to the railroads, there were only 4,600 serviceable locomotives out of 14,500 at the close of the civil war, and 215,000 freight cars out of 537,000, while the total railway mileage had fallen from 53,290 kilometers to 28,655, because of the great loss of territory and temporary abandonment of some mileage. Today there are 77,000 kilometers, or 48,125 miles of railway line in actual use, a considerable increase over pre-war mileage, and "several thousand kilometers" are being constructed every year. Freight cars and locomotives are rapidly exceeding in numbers the pre-war figure, and the number of the former under repair, according to Charles Muchnic, a vice-president of the American Locomotive Company, is only about 14.5 per cent. This, like the entire operating ratio, compares very favorably, he says, with similar figures of American railroads. Gross revenues have increased from $321,000,000 in 1924-25 to $950,000,000 in 1928-29.

V. The Growth of Population

Finally, as to the movements of population, Leningrad, which had 1,905,589 inhabitants before the war, sank to 722,000 at the end of the civil war, so great was the mortality and the exodus from that stricken city. At the end of 1928 it was within 85,000 of the pre-war figure. The pre-war population of Moscow was 1,359,254; in 1928 its inhabitants numbered 2,025,947. Kharkov, the capital of the Ukraine, has increased its population two and one-half times since its streets ceased to run with blood. Nizhni Novgorod has doubled its population within the last eight years; the oil town of Grosny has grown from 30,000 to 115,000 persons, and so it goes. The cities, of course, must grow because every year hordes of Russians leave the farms which can no longer maintain them. There was always a large army of seasonal farm workers who returned to the cities; these have also become city dwellers. Moreover, as I have already pointed out, there is an annual increase of three and one-half million people whom the land cannot support, even in part, unless there is an enormous enlargement of the acreage under cultivation and greatly improved methods of production.

Thus the picture, officially given, of the status while the country is truly being stood on its head for the sake of the five-year program. During the short period of five years the colossal sum of 64,600,000,000 rubles is being wrung out of the labor of these poor, long-suffering people. Americans who have not visited Russia cannot, I suppose, visualize what it means to take 38 per cent out of the total national income and invest it in new plants and new agricultural enterprises during the year 1927-28; in the next five years the figures are to run to 42, 43, 45, 46, and 48 per cent—the last nearly half the total income. This is something never before attempted in any state. It means that the entire Russian people must submit to tremendous hardships and suffering, that they will be held down to the barest existence possible until dividends from this unparalleled investment begin to be distributed and their iron-willed and iron-handed rulers permit them to enjoy those dividends. Already there are many white-collar workers who are perilously near the point where they do not get enough to eat, and the entire country suffers from the very high cost of living—a cost fixed by the rulers in the Kremlin.

VI. Can the People Hold Out?

Can the people endure these terrific hardships that this enforced industrialization carries with it, hardships that will make the greatest possible demand upon their mental as well as their material resources? For the sake of their objective, to them a sacred one, the leaders are willing that there should be vast suffering; that hundreds and thousands should die before the firing squads, and that other thousands should go to Siberia. Many foreign observers declare that it is not possible, either technically or physically, to put through the five-year program; nor can it be obtained, these critics maintain, from a people many of whom do not now see meat for weeks at a time and are without the means to supply adequate substitutes. They feel that the entire program calls for an immediate change of human nature, as well as for endurance beyond the powers of even the Russians. But the leaders are unshaken in their faith; like Mussolini, they believe that the individual must subordinate his welfare to the state, or rather to a state program which they, like Mussolini, have drawn up.

The chances are on the side of the Kremlin; if there were no firing squad the Russian masses would still have to yield. There is no other group to which to turn, and no possibility of successful new leadership within themselves—no alternative except economic chaos, which is, of course, not impossible. Anglo-Saxons, my fellow-travelers said, would never thus submit, not even had they been illiterate slaves of the knout for centuries. Perhaps not. But the Bolsheviks know their people and their limitless capacity for suffering and starving, and they are banking upon it. They recall with what dogged clinging to life those who survived the famine on the Volga came through that dreadful experience. They believe that they know how far they can go; how long they can keep up their present rationing of bread, and soap, and textiles, and how long they can deprive the people of many of their own special products in order to create abroad those eagerly desired credits. They are relying also upon their creation of a spirit in a people which we in 1917-18 called the "victorious war psychology," the liberty-loan-campaign spirit, the demand that Americans should "give till it hurts." Their annual domestic loans of 500,000,000 rubles are forced out of their scantily paid workers with all the terminology of our own war-time drives. What can the worker do about it? Life he knows is bitter hard; he can only hope that it will not last forever. A prisoner in his own land—for he cannot get a passport to leave—what alternative is there? He must bear it, recalling for consolation that things were worse during the war and that at least his comrades are not now dying in the trenches by the hundred thousand as they were before the Bolsheviks took charge.

Meanwhile the eyes of Stalin and his associates are fastened on their goal, and toward its realization their whole drama progresses—at a speed, they are certain, that no highly capitalized and individualized nation could possibly approach.

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Prosperity—Believe It or Not

IV. Workers and Owners*

By STUART CHASE

I. White-Collar Shares

WE come now to a consideration of the prosperity of the class to which I have the honor to belong. The middle class is an ambiguous group, neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. We comprise everybody who is not a farmer, a manual laborer, or a capitalist. We include three main subdivisions: Clerks, superintendents, under-executives—the "white-collar" workers, storekeepers, and merchants (except merchant princes); professional people—doctors, lawyers, engineers, artists, writers, teachers, newspapermen, politicians, actors, musicians. In the first and third category fall most government employees, a tremendous group in itself, comprising more than a million persons.

Some of us are very well-to-do indeed. Certain lawyers, doctors, engineers, writers, actors—even a painter or two—make their $100,000 and more a year. The great bulk of us receive less than $5,000 a year. When we achieve $12,000 or so, we are beginning, in a pecuniary economy, to edge out of the middle class altogether. It is interesting to note that our class has been receiving an increasing share of the national income in recent years. Our *numbers* are growing faster than those of the working class. White-collar jobs, particularly in distribution, have been on the increase for many years. More and more people are being employed in the great American vocation of finding markets and shattering sales resistance. Mr. Julius Klein of the United States Department of Commerce computes a waste in distribution methods today totaling ten billions a year. It takes a lot of man power to waste ten billion dollars.

The increase in white-collar jobs, furthermore, has been zealously nourished not only by distribution costs and wastes, but by well-meaning mothers. How many thousands of women have scrimped and saved in order that the boys might have advantages which the mister never had? And how much of that devoted toil, under 1929 conditions, is love's labor lost? In many cities today a bank clerk earns about $31 a week. A plumber is getting $46. "The white-collar ideal is one of the most vicious things in our civilization," says Professor Harry D. Kitson of Columbia; . . . "so far as actual opportunity for advancement goes, the man doing manual labor is much better off."

That the middle-class professions are not all growing rich is clearly shown by this chart of average annual incomes:

Banking (per employee)	$2,179
Government service	1,585
Merchandising (per employee)	1,315
Clergymen	735
Teachers, county schools, Middle Atlantic States	870
Teachers, village schools	1,244
Teachers, high school, Middletown	1,575
Bank tellers, Middletown	1,800
Young clerks, department store, Middletown	$ 520
Seasoned clerks, department store, Middletown	1,800
Male clerks, men's furnishings, Middletown	1,800
Mayor of Middletown	3,000
City Attorney of Middletown	3,000
City Judge of Middletown	2,100

I profoundly doubt if we so-called brain workers average much more than $2,000—even including the $100,000-a-year professional celebrities. As a group we average below skilled manual labor, but somewhat above the average for the whole working class.

Consider the university professor. He is widely held to have the largest brain capacity of any of us. He receives more money than most of the middle class. But it takes him, if he is lucky, about fourteen years to become an associate professor at $4,000; and another eleven years to become a full professor at $7,000. One-third of the faculty of the University of California are now working throughout their summer vacations in order to balance their budgets. Many able scholars and scientists find it impossible to balance them at all. They leave the university for business, and become corporation research men, technical advisers, higher executives. They gain in income; business gains in profits, but the nation loses able and impartial scientists.

To make matters worse, the professor, together with all the upper ranks of the middle class, is expected to keep abreast of the Joneses. For this reason, James Truslow Adams believes that the professional man is worse off than he used to be. He calls the phenomenon "prosperity without peace of mind." To bring Mr. Adams into the world cost $100. To bring a baby into the same social stratum today costs $1,500. His family when he was a boy rented a dignified spacious New York house for $1,200 a year. Today one must pay as much for an eleven-by-fourteen room with a folding wall bed and a cooking shelf, in a "good" apartment house.

Consider the independent storekeepers. In the United States there are 750,000 of them doing a business of less than $25,000 a year. In one recent survey more than a third of the retailers in a large city were doing a total business of less than $7 a day! Meanwhile they are under pressure from four directions. Chain stores, department stores, mail-order houses, and the automobile are all pushing them hard. All have been moving upward faster than population, taking an increasing share of the total volume of retail trade, which now aggregates about forty billions a year. The motor car takes away the village storekeeper's trade by giving customers easy transportation to the nearest town, where stocks are larger, bargains more frequent.

The menace of the chain store to the independent retailer is undeniable, but late reports (1929) show the chains locked in sanguinary competitive struggles among themselves, with overhead costs tending to absorb their purchasing economies. Again, competition from chain or department stores

* This is the fourth of a series of seven articles on American Prosperity. The fifth will appear in the issue of December 11.—Editor The Nation.

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is not necessarily the inciting cause to the collapse of a given retailer. In a recent study of 500 grocery-store failures, 65 per cent were due to inexperience, 17 per cent to character breakdown, 17 per cent to fire, flood, robbery, or sickness, and only 1.4 per cent to competition. Indeed, the plight of the storekeeper is something like that of the farmer. He also carries on a very ancient vocation. He also is drawn to it because of the independence it offers, the freedom from domination by a boss. His outlook, his traditions, his culture (in the anthropological sense) are also shattered by the new techniques of the age of prosperity. Heretofore it has been his pleasure to give his customers what they came in and asked for. He must adapt himself to high-pressure selling. He is baffled and bewildered under the compulsion to make them buy what they do not want. Not only storekeepers, but all the middle class is bewildered by the new necessity to find a market for its services. We professional people have been habituated to the world's coming to us, asking for the use of our brains, the product of our technical skill. Now we have to use high-pressure methods, too—from the doctors' split-fee racket, the lawyers' front-page publicity, to the parsons' boiler-plated mottoes, cards, and snappy signs for the church lawn.

It all comes under the head of window dressing, even as with the shopkeeper. The more up and coming among us frequently enjoy it, and augment their income to lordly proportions. But with most of us it is alien to our temperament, subversive and destructive to the professional way of life. On the whole, I am not encouraged about the prosperity of my class—either material or spiritual.

II. The Owners

There are from four to six times as many millionaires in the United States today as there were in 1914.* In 1927 283 persons paid taxes on annual incomes in excess of $1,000,000—ten of them on incomes in excess of $5,000,000. In 1924 only 75 persons were in the million-dollar-income class. If we take $10,000 as roughly the gateway to the owner class, its numbers and its income (as reported to the government) stand as follows:

Income Class	*No. of persons*	*Total Net income*	*Average per taxpayer*
$10,000 to $25.000...	250,455	$3,726,099,000	$14.900
$25,000 to $100.000..	82,334	3,571.123,000	43,400
$100,000 to $1,000,000	10,784	2,222,337,000	206,100
Over $1,000,000.....	283	586,256,000	2,071,600
Over $10,000.....	343,856	$10,105,815,000	$29,400
$5,000 to $10,000....	543,509	3,759,149,000	6,900
Under $5,000.....	3,234,877	8,708,354,000	2,700
Grand total.....	4,122,242	$22,573,318,000	$5,500

Some 350,000 persons in the United States in 1927 had an income of $10,000 or more. Constituting one-half of one per cent of the adult population, they received over ten billion dollars, or about 12 per cent of the national income that year. In the ranks, however, are thousands of well-paid professional people whom we have already assigned to the middle class, for the reason that they work rather than own for a living. When we step up to the $25,000 and higher income groups, we probably drain out the bulk of the professional workers.

Just over 11,000 Americans have $100,000 or more to spend a year, while 283 citizens at the upper reaches of the pyramid do the best they may on an average of a little more than $2,000,000 a year. The ten at the very top have $88,995,242 to be disposed of between them. In 1927 it was estimated at Washington that we were blessed with 15,000 millionaires. That estimate is probably conservative. I would guess there are at least 20,000 today. A study of million-dollar incomes made in 1924 revealed the following sources of revenue. Notice that the great owners are above all else stock owners. Most of their capital gains are probably stock transactions. What they receive from rent and interest is insignificant in comparison, while only 2 per cent comes from personal effort as reflected in salaries.

	Per cent
Dividends	54.0
Capital gains	26.6
Interest	5.8
Partnerships	5.4
Rentals	2.4
Salaries	2.1
Miscellaneous	3.7
	100.0

The income taxes paid by some owners reached astounding proportions. These are taxes, remember, not income—which must be three or four times as great. The figures are for 1924—the last year in which the Treasury Department revealed names:

John D. Rockefeller, Jr.	$6,278,000
Henry Ford	2,609,000
Edsel Ford	2,158,000
Andrew W. Mellon	1,883,000
Payne Whitney	1,677,000
Edward S. Harkness	1,532,000
R. B. Mellon	1,181,000
Anna B. Harkness	1,062,000
Mrs. H. E. Dodge	993,000
F. W. Vanderbilt	793,000
George F. Baker	792,000
Thomas F. Ryan	792,000
Edward J. Berwind	722,000
Vincent Astor	643,000

Yes, some of us are very prosperous; indecently and devastatingly prosperous. Before we begin a full-fledged Marxian lamentation, however, we must again call to mind Dr. Copeland's figures. The rich, up to a few years ago at least, were not becoming relatively richer. In 1918, the top 10 per cent of the population took 33.1 per cent of the national income. In 1926, they took 32.9 per cent. While no national figures are available for the years since then, I suspect that with the booming stock market of 1928 and 1929, owners of large blocks of common shares had so improved their position that up to October 24 last, the top 10 per cent were taking a relatively larger share of the nation's

*J. E. Edgerton, president National Association of Manufacturers.

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principal, if not of its income. Today (November 6) with some 50 billion of paper profits wrung out of the stock market, they are probably back to normal.

Market quotations at the crest of the boom had ceased, in many cases, to bear any tangible relationship whatever to the actual earnings of the underlying corporations. In 1929, for instance, quotations for a group of utilities increased 100 per cent over a like period in 1928, while actual earnings increased only 12 per cent. As Mr. Babson pointed out, 2 per cent stocks could not take preference over 5 per cent bonds indefinitely. The day of reckoning was bound to come —and it came, even as in Florida. All classes have suffered. A friend of mine told me he saved the margins of his chauffeur, his gardener, his bookkeeper, and his stenographer, on the morning after. The owners have taken the severest of the paper shrinkage, but the clerk, the plumber, and even the bootblack have lost the actual cash. The immemorial tragicomedy of the shorn lamb repeats itself. When the final curtain rings down, it will not be the owning class—buying in at bargain prices—which will have suffered.

There is of course the chance that this explosion of a balloon composed solely of speculative optimism will set psychological fears in motion which, spiraling downward, will attack the solid corpus of commercial prosperity itself. There is no reason for it; there is no sense at all in it; but then, there is not very much sense in the whole gorgeous panorama of the credit structure—as some half million of shorn lambs are now painfully realizing.

Still another way to appraise the share of the owners is to take what "Recent Economic Changes" calls "fixed-money income." The Treasury Department somewhat more bluntly calls it "unearned income." It comprises all the nation's income which comes from ownership rather than work. The chief items are rent, interest, and dividends.

In 1913 fixed-money income was 10.1 billions. In 1920 it had doubled to 20.2 billions; in 1926 it was up to 26.5 billions. Its ratio to total national income was 32.1 per cent in 1913; 30.8 per cent in 1920; 34.1 per cent in 1926. It seems to be gaining a little. The bulk of it, of course, accrues to the rich. Since 1920, the share of the national income which the landlord takes has dropped from 13.8 to 13.2 per cent. Interest in the same period has climbed from 4 to 4.9 per cent of the national income, and dividends from 4.2 to 5.3 per cent. Stockholders are gaining on bondholders and landlords.

Increasingly our owners derive their income, not from houses, lands, factories, and mines which they individually hold, but from the stock which they own in corporations—the latter holding, according to a majestic legal fiction, the houses, lands, and factories. Only rarely does a corporation distribute all its net profit in dividends. Reserves, often very large, are held back for safety, working capital, the "development of the business." At any given time, stockholders are several laps behind accrued real income.

Suppose we regard all American corporations as one great corporation. In 1926 the total net worth of this monster was 119.3 billions. (Net worth is the excess of assets over liabilities, and thus the measure of the investment of the stockholders.) The net profit for the year was 8.3 billions. But only 5.9 billions was paid out in dividends, leaving 2.4 billions, about a third of all the profit, to pile up in the reserve account. The ratio of net profit to net worth was just under 7 per cent. This is what actually accrued to stockholders. The ratio of dividends to investment was 5 per cent. This is what they received in cash. Thus a very tidy slice of the owners' real share did not come upon the record at all. It had been laid aside for future distribution. In passing, the ratio of profit to investment, industry by industry, is not without interest.

	Per cent
Mining corporations	3.7
Trading	6.3
Transportation and utilities	7.0
Banking	7.8
Manufacturing	7.9
Construction	11.0

Construction corporations are the most profitable of all. You will remember that labor in the construction industry had increased its wages faster than any other group. Here is a little lesson for us all. High wages and high profits are not necessarily mutually exclusive.

We have heard much in recent years about "profitless prosperity." It is not a fact and yet it is not altogether a myth. Wholesale prices have been slowly descending since 1922. "Sagging prices make it harder to conduct business with profit because many of the expenses of an enterprise are fixed by long contracts or by understandings hard to alter." In 1919 and 1920 business failures averaged 7,700 a year. In the slump of 1921, bankruptcies jumped to 19,700. Prosperity arrived in 1922. Yet the average of business failures per year from 1922 through 1927 was no less than 21,500. Dr. Mitchell believes that it is the medium-sized enterprises which have been the sufferers. Unable to run upon a quantity-production basis and unskilled in the technique of forced selling, they have constituted a soft stratum in the imposing corporate structure.

The rambles of industry about the map—cotton manufacturing to the South, for instance—have also caused considerable hardship to certain local enterprises. Making all due allowances, however, the corporate structure is sufficiently imposing. Between 1923 and 1925 the profits of a group of 403 manufacturing and mining corporations increased 29 per cent. Between 1925 and 1928 the profits of a still larger group of 574 companies increased 27 per cent to a new high record.

For the first six months of 1929 there was a 10 per cent increase in output over the same period in 1928, and a 40 per cent increase in net earnings. Mr. Babson calculates business at 7 per cent above normal in August, 1929. "Many concerns," says the National City Bank, "have in six months made more profits than in the whole year of 1928." "Profitless prosperity" is thus hardly the correct phrase by which to describe this phenomenon.

The corporate structure as a whole is doing very nicely, indeed. As it climbs upward the owners (not necessarily the margin speculators) of corporate securities go climbing too. Above all else, the owners have intrenched themselves as the dictators of American life and habit. They dominate government, press, university, church, the arts. They sit secure on the apex of a pecuniary economy. To them men's eyes turn as once they turned to high altars, the man on horseback, and the porticos of the Academy. The gods have taken up their quarters in the market-place, an abode magnificent in gilt and marble, but hitherto untried.

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Professor's Progress

By FREDERIC NELSON

WHEN, on the morning of November 4, the Senate met to censure Senator Bingham of Connecticut for inviting a paid manufacturers' lobbyist to sit at his elbow during the Finance Committee's hearings on the tariff bill, there were those in the chamber who felt sorry for the tall, gray-haired, handsome man from Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. Not one single Senator, however, was willing to rise in his place and justify Mr. Bingham's conception of the proper use of experts in tariff legislation. Instead, his defenders led him to humiliations even deeper than those planned by his assailants.

But you can't have a funeral if the corpse won't play. After all had been done that could be done to salve the necessary stripes, after Norris had accepted a modification of the original resolution so that Bingham could consider himself an unintentional offender, Senator Bingham arose to speak. "Would it be the effect of the Senator's amendment to leave the implication that Mr. Eyanson did anything improper in this regard?" he asked in a suave, unruffled tone, and the tenseness of the atmosphere blew up in jeers. Sometimes an act of sheer nerve and effrontery excites the admiration of the crowd. But in the press gallery many men swore silently. "What," they asked each other, "can you do with a man like that? He actually wants an official whitewash for Eyanson! Can you beat it?"

There is nothing in the record throughout to suggest that Hiram Bingham has the faintest appreciation of the ethical deficiency which developed into the Eyanson incident. He himself has assured his colleagues that he "did not profit to the extent of one dollar by any part of this transaction"—a statement revelatory in itself. As Senator Dill said, the conception of public office and public duty which made it possible for Senator Bingham to justify his conduct merely because he didn't steal money from the mint makes his case difficult to deal with. Perhaps the solution should be left with the psychoanalytical biographers, but certain explanations seem to me to arise out of Hiram Bingham's introduction to politics in Connecticut as the protege of Mr. J. Henry Roraback, the Republican boss of the State.

Why Professor Bingham of the Yale faculty ever wanted to go into politics is a mystery to most people, though men who marry heiresses often discover in themselves mute but potentially illustrious statesmen. At any rate, Professor Bingham is first seen in 1916 as an alternate-at-large to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, where he was understood to be an "Ullman man." Col. Isaac Ullman was the G. O. P. leader of New Haven and a potential rival of Roraback, whose policy has been to knock out his rivals while they are still too frail for effective resistance. In New Haven the story used to be that Bingham, being a plausible edition of the scholar in politics, was pleasing to Roraback, who began to make up to him as a convenient weapon for laying Colonel Ullman low. By 1922, at the very latest, J. Henry got his man, and we find Hiram as lieutenant-governor assigned to the task of putting academic luster upon the somewhat "practical" projects of Mr. Roraback. If a bill to reorganize the school system threatened political control of education, Dr. Bingham would step forward with a polished and dramatic appeal for the "little red schoolhouse." He was a willing worker, and by the time we see him elected governor of Connecticut, in the autumn of 1924, the eminent Professor Bingham had worked out his political credo. It was, as he put it himself, "Mr. Roraback runs the State."

Senator Frank B. Brandegee's death the month previous had started the Connecticut politicians off on a grand contest for the succession. It was well known that Mr. Roraback, who runs the State, had promised the senatorship to Bingham when Brandegee should retire in 1926, but it occurred to nobody, at least out loud, that Hiram would expect to be senator just after having been elected governor. He himself declared that he was not a candidate, hardly a week before Mr. Roraback announced that he was. Then followed his nomination in a State convention which shouted its defiance of Roraback's intention, only to be cowed into submission with bludgeons always at the disposal of political bosses who "run the State." The delegates subsided, but for a time it didn't appear that the voters were going to. The Democrats had nominated Hamilton Holt, now president of Rollins College in Florida, and the "better element" began bolting the Republican ticket. A former governor, the important newspapers, and a section of the Yale faculty declared that Bingham should be rebuked for his effrontery in seeking one office before even being installed in another, and that Roraback should be shown that his running of the State was limited by the self-respect of the citizenry. I am still convinced that Dr. Holt could have been elected had he not been too "high-brow" for the Democrats in the large cities. As it was, Bingham was elected by a plurality nearly 100,000 less than that by which he had become governor.

What followed was a series of exercises in obtuseness which have seldom been surpassed in the long history of the ego at large. Although Professor Bingham was to leave for Washington almost immediately after his inauguration as governor, he insisted that the ceremonies be elaborate and that he occupy the center of the stage. Even the faithful Hartford *Courant* was disturbed, and suggested that it might be well for John Trumbull, who was actually to be governor when Bingham had taken the Federal Express for Washington, to make the inaugural address. But it was Bingham and not Trumbull who announced Mr. Roraback's plans for the coming two years. Mr. Bingham proceeded to appoint an imposing military staff for himself. The pride and beauty of Connecticut danced the nimble foxtrot with Colonel Bingham's seven sons at a gorgeous inaugural ball. On the day of his solemn inauguration he rode through the silent streets of Hartford to the State Capitol accompanied by two companies of the governor's Foot Guard and took an oath which, the New York *Times* insisted, should have pledged him to carry out the duties of his high office "until the train leaves for Washington, so help me God." Then he resigned, turned his office over to John

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Trumbull, destined to be an in-law of the Coolidge dynasty, and proceeded to Washington, the first Connecticut politician to play the governorship as a one-night stand.

Hiram Bingham fails to include among the list of his writings cited in "Who's Who in America" a small volume published around 1912 called "The Monroe Doctrine, An Obsolete Shibboleth." The book was written after Professor Bingham had labored in Latin America to uncover the ruins of the Incas. It registered the protest of a fair-minded man against the North American manner of dealing with the people to the south of us as inferiors, against the superfluous irritation in our self-appointed tutelage over their affairs. When that little book was used against Senator Bingham in the Connecticut senatorial campaign, he was found to have largely changed his mind. To be useful to Roraback, one had to forget first-hand knowledge and accept G. O. P. imperialism. Bingham's youthful gallantry is now supplanted, as far as Latin America is concerned, by elaborate quotations from the Spanish when uncouth Western senators require squelching. Nevertheless, it is impossible to keep down all of the inherited righteousness in the son of one missionary and the grandson of another. When Senator Bingham was in China, in 1927, what he thought and said was of no concern to Mr. Roraback of Connecticut. He was therefore free to denounce the way in which Americans in the Orient adopt the snobbish contempt of Europeans in their attitude toward the native populations. Here he reveals a hint of the essential soundness of many of his instincts. The rationalizing process by which such a man originally brought his ideals under the control of his ambitions would be a triumph of casuistry in anybody but Hiram Bingham. In his case, I believe, the thing was done with the ease of all men who honestly believe that they are not "even as this publican."

Connecticut, I imagine from long experience, may cheerfully elect Mr. Bingham again if the opportunity presents itself. A Connecticut Republican leader told a journalist last summer: "The people of this State do not appreciate what Hiram Bingham is doing for them. Why, he's got an expert right at his elbow every day, and he's taking him into the committee room. You ought to write it up!" The prevailing opinion of the State is that its industries need the tariff, but even in Connecticut one reads editorials in Republican newspapers condemning Senator Bingham's ineptitude in trying to jack it up higher, and his extraordinary mental and moral obtuseness as shown by his defense. Not even Mr. Roraback can prevent a gorge from rising here and there. Since any senator likely to be elected in Connecticut would favor a high tariff, there would seem to be no reason why a commonwealth should commit itself indefinitely to representation by a man whose ethical standards lead him to justify deception because it is not grand larceny and to posture as a martyr because his undenied indiscretion was uncovered by the wrong senators; a man who is blandly serene in the face of a censure which would have made Dave Reed feel as if he must "live the rest of my life under a cloud." Mr. Roraback has done wonders, but he must be a superman if he can keep his customers satisfied with a statesman whose best friends can do no better for him than to say, as Gillett of Massachusetts did, that he was guilty of "extraordinary blindness" which must be condoned because a number of congressmen drink.

In the Driftway

THE historic conflict between law and conscience has again come sharply to the front in connection with two happenings in Washington. On the one hand, Senator Brookhart of Iowa has opened himself to a broadside of abuse by telling a grand jury what he saw and smelled at a dinner given by a New York broker. On the other hand, a judge has sentenced three reporters for the Washington *Times* to a jail term for contempt of court in refusing to tell the sources of certain information which they printed in regard to the illegal sale of liquor in the District of Columbia. The Drifter is disposed to think that the lot of them are right, the grand jury, Senator Brookhart, the New York broker, the reporters, the judge—everyone, in fact, except those who are criticizing the judge and Mr. Brookhart.

* * * * *

PASSIONATE Wets have denounced Mr. Brookhart with scorn for betraying what they call the sacred relation between a host and a guest. There is such a thing, but it did not exist in respect of the dinner attended by Mr. Brookhart. The invitation was in no sense personal. The broker and Mr. Brookhart were not friends and apparently had never met before the dinner. Mr. Brookhart was invited in his capacity as a United States Senator to a large dinner by a man who was giving the entertainment not as a matter of friendship but undoubtedly with a view to getting something out of it. If he has got some doubtfully desirable publicity, that is his lookout. It is one of the hazards of the game. But the Drifter is not condemning him for serving at the dinner what looked and smelled and seemed to Senator Brookhart to be forbidden juice. Doubtless the broker sincerely believes the prohibition law to be an illegitimate infringement upon his personal rights, he knows it is violated by thousands of other persons, and he doesn't see why he should be bound by it.

* * * * *

AS to the reporters for the Washington *Times,* we know nothing of their obligations toward those from whom they received their information. We are bound, therefore, to accept their interpretation of these obligations and to applaud their willingness to go to jail rather than betray a confidence. But the judge is equally right in sentencing them to jail. The law protects certain confidences—those given to lawyers or clergymen and those existing between husband and wife. But the law does not and cannot cover all cases which appeal to an individual as valid. He must use his conscience—and take the consequences in case of conflict.

* * * * *

IT is said that this is a lawless age. The Drifter doubts it. He wishes that in some respects the statement were truer. Lawlessness for personal advantage is certainly to be deprecated, but disobedience to law because of principle is one of the fine flowers of genuine civilization. The gospel of "law and order" has been preached altogether too blatantly in this country in the present century—from quite selfish and sordid motives. An effort has been made to establish all law as sacred—in order to protect iniquities and injustices which cower behind it. It is a sad

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state to reach in a country which was founded upon the right of revolution. There is nothing in the least sacred about law in general. It is simply the temporary opinion of the majority—if that. Some law has gone through the fires of experience until it has attained almost unanimous acceptance; other law is now in the crucible; still other law has been practically dumped on the ash pile—even though not repealed. To live, law must be more than enacted; it must be accepted by a large number of people over many years.

* * * * *

HE who violates law because of principle is almost always entitled to respect. But only when he is ready to take his medicine. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." But there must be blood. There are a lot of people nowadays who want to get their pictures in the newspapers as martyrs without undergoing any martyrdom. Law-breaking is often legitimate—sometimes holy. But the law-breaker mustn't complain if he finds himself in jail. The most he has a right to expect is that his friends shall remember him with flowers and jelly. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

On, Wisconsin!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It would seem that it is not alone the *team* that now belongs to "the head coach." The following statement by Dr. Walter E. Meanwell, coach at the University of Wisconsin, appeared in the *Daily Cardinal,* student newspaper of the university:

> I don't care whether Bertrand Russell or the Archbishop of Kent wanted to use my gymnasium; I've fought the practice and I'll continue to fight it. I didn't know that it was Bertrand Russell who was to use the gymnasium on the date under consideration until tonight when a member of the Liberal Club called me and asked me if it was true that I had refused him permission. It happened that the gym was requested on a night when I wanted it for basketball. I must either practice or get licked, and my job is to turn out basketball teams. You can make that as emphatic as you please.

"My" gymnasium happens to be the largest and most convenient auditorium on the campus where important lectures are held and where for many academic generations the university held its commencement exercises until (quite appropriately) they were moved out to the Football Stadium. E. L. Meyer in the *Capital Times* has beautifully paraphrased Dr. Meanwell's statement:

> If the five men on my squad, sir,
> Learn the tip-off and the passes,
> It is better far, by God, sir,
> Than to aid one thousand asses.
> For my basket quint will hustle,
> Bring renown to Alma Mater,
> While the thousand who hear Russell
> Soak up nonsense like a blotter.
> Can this fellow toss a ball, sir?
> Can he pivot, can he dribble?
> No? Good day, then. That is all, sir!
> Bertrand Russell? Ish kabibble!

Madison, Wisconsin, November 6 R. W. W.

Senators Norris and Bingham

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note in the press dispatches that Senator Norris turned to Senator Bingham and said: "The pity is that the Senator has not yet grasped that the action he did was injurious to the Senate." Is not Senator Norris expecting too much?

Tulsa, Oklahoma, November 5 H. N. NAGLE

Menace—Defense—Menace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am an Englishman and, for that reason, friendly to your great and free republic. Your naval defenses should be greatly increased. A serious proposal is made by leading European statesmen to form a United States of Europe. The white races would then be mainly divided into three great combinations, the United States of America, the United States of Europe, and the British Empire. The United States of Europe, although smaller in area than the United States of America, would outnumber them in population and fighting power in the ratio of about three to one; and one of the first acts of the new combination would almost certainly be a request for a reconsideration of their debt to America. A refusal would be followed by hostile action. The United States of America is now the only naval Power that can afford to build a large number of battleships, and America should have an invincible navy, an impregnable defense against any possible combination of hostile attacking fleets. The United States navy, pledged and consecrated for defense alone, would not be a menace to Great Britain or to any other nation.

BERTRAND SHADWELL

Nuremberg, Germany, November 1

Armistice Sunday

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I shall be happy to raise a healthy sum as the first contribution to a fund for printing and distributing Waitstill H. Sharp's article in this week's *Nation* on the true significance of Armistice Sunday. A copy of it should be placed in the hands of every schoolboy and girl in this glorious land, and I suggest that school principals read it to their assemblies whenever Armistice Day is celebrated and exploited for the greater glory of Stanwood S. Menken, his Security (?) League, and the Student Training Corps.

Brooklyn, November 11 PHILIP SCHILLER

Don't Destroy the Stadiums

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a university student and an ardent *Nation* reader I was surprised when I read the editorial Destroy the Stadiums in your issue of November 6. I cannot see why anyone, especially the erudite *Nation,* should rush to defend or attack college athletics. In the life of the average college student athletics occupy three hours a week for four weeks in the fall plus a topic of conversation on the days before and after games. During the rest of the year this time is probably reduced by

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two-thirds. Athletics play a small role compared with the time required by classes, studies, and other activities, and anyone who thinks that a university is a factory for bond salesmen should carry a full course for a semester. Why attack an exceedingly harmless activity that in no way interferes with the functions of a college just because it is in the public eye? As for that small group of students who play on the teams, they deserve compensation of some sort.

Columbia, Missouri, November 7 HOWELL WILLIAMS

Correction on Crosses

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Villard has certainly been to Russia—his identification of the paradoxes would be sufficient evidence. But the artist who put Latin crosses on orthodox Russian domes goes him one better. What depravity the Bolsheviks have reached in their anti-religious campaign!

Houston, Texas, November 4 C. W. ARESON

Wanted—A Definite Program

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Like millions of others of my class I fail to see how the continuance of our present economic system can ever relieve those not possessed of business acumen from money worries. The great mass of us, of course, are employees or the wives of employees. We keep our jobs because we are moderately intelligent and industrious and because (especially we married ones) we dare not openly express our beliefs for fear of getting the sack. We are economic cowards, but our cowardice is that of a mob. We do want a party platform which we can definitely support. In Norman Thomas we have a leader whom we can trust and respect. We need to wage an educational campaign enlisting the support of all socialistic and liberal organizations. The times are riper than usual for the advancing of socialism. If our socialist leaders will show me a definite program which they wish to advance I shall send now and again a little money to them.

Windsor, Canada, November 10 M. P. HYDE

United States of Europe

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. John A. Hobson gives only the English point of view of the United States of Europe. What's left of continental Europe can be salvaged only by an "europäischer Zollverein"! The present hodge-podge of frontiers must disappear commercially. Custom duties must be reduced by and by to nothing and if the outside front of a U. S. E. should be directed against the tariff wall of the U. S. A., what of it? U. S. A. big business cannot expect Europe to chew American gum, consume American wheat and corn, drive American lizzies, and be in general the dumping ground for American overproduction while Senate and lobby keep on increasing their prohibitive tariff every two months or so, extending it to more articles of trade, reducing immigration continually, and dictating prices, or trying to do so, to the rest of the world. If the fear of the coming U. S. E. would bring the protectionists down from their arrogant high horse, it would be a boon to international peace and understanding.

RICHARD H. A. SCHOFER

Heidelberg, Germany, November 3

THAT DEVIL WILKES!

If YOU had lived in the 18th century
You'd have been a Wilke-ite, too

You'd have condoned his immorality

You'd have overlooked his boasts of his own profligacy

You'd have laughed off his jibes at his own followers

You'd have believed him sincere (despite the apparent proof of his insincerity)

You'd have applauded his championship of the American Colonies

You'd have voted for him and helped pay his gambling debts, and fought to get him out of jail

Just as did the intellectuals and liberals of the 18th century

Only an unusual man could have won this loyalty. Only the most sparkling conversationalist could have overcome the handicap of a cocked eye and become the darling of the ladies. In this wicked and witty figure Mr. Postgate has found a subject worthy of his witty and wicked pen.

THAT DEVIL WILKES*

By R. W. POSTGATE

$4.00 *All Bookstores*

The Vanguard Press

* Only the fact that the word has been cruelly abused prevents the publishers from terming this book "brilliant." It is assuredly one of the outstanding biographies of the year, and just as certainly Mr. Postgate will win a name as one of the most notable of current writers of English prose.

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Books, Films, Drama

Quecha Poems from Peru

Collected by Daniel Alomias Robles
Translated from the Spanish by Anita Brenner

The Foreigner

When you see a foreigner
weep with pain
he laughs within.
He tends your flock.

The Landowner

Oh, the poor llama!
She is so humble
she is not even fed
and is always burdened.
They tremble at the puma
who is proud and thieving;
feeds where he pleases
molested by none.
When the master came
he brought nothing, nothing,
and in our fields
settled forever.

The Fountain

I wept so much
a fountain sprang;
my liquid pain
quenches others' thirst.

"Up from the City Streets"

Up to Now. An Autobiography. By Alfred E. Smith. The Viking Press. $5.

FORMER Governor Smith is probably one of the few grade-A politicians in this land who could write a full-sized autobiography without creating in the intelligent reader a mood of acute depression. His effort has many excellent points. It is free from hokum and rhetorical fustian. It is not didactic. It is done with sincerity and without self-consciousness. If the author is occasionally a bit awkward in composition and fumbles some of his anecdotes, such technical defects can be forgiven for the larger virtues. Al Smith is one of the most engaging political figures of our day. His story is as thoroughly American, in the best onward and upward tradition, as the story of Abe Lincoln or Ben Franklin, and for the first time it brings the sidewalks of New York into the classical American landscape.

Al Smith was born in a tenement under the Brooklyn Bridge in 1873. His father was a truckman; "I do not remember ever hearing him tell where his parents came from." The East River was the boy's old swimmin' hole and Park Row his Main Street. When Al was twelve the father was forced by ill health to give up the trucking business, and a year later he died leaving his widow and the two children almost without resources. Mrs. Smith opened a little candy shop and Al sold papers afternoons between four and six and helped in the shop in the evenings. He was able to continue in the local parochial school under the Christian Brothers until he was nearly fifteen, when it became necessary for him to hunt a real job. After various essays in truck-chasing and clerking, he secured a position in the Fulton Market at twelve dollars a week plus free fish.

While still a minor, young Al was attracted to the political fortunes of Congressman Tim Campbell, who was being shelved for renomination by Boss Croker in favor of a fat campaign contributor from uptown who coveted a chair in Washington. Thus Tammany's white-haired boy really entered politics by way of an insurgent movement against the machine. Mr. Campbell was not ungrateful. He secured for young Smith a job as process-server under Mayor Strong, and a few years later, in 1903, he helped to persuade Big Tom Foley, the boss of that section of the city, that his young friend—now a married man with a growing family—was the man for the State Assembly.

Thus Al Smith went to Albany. He found the Assembly disappointing. The rules were complicated, and he sat through two sessions before he began to "understand what it was all about." However, the novice studied his job to such good effect that by 1911 he was Democratic leader of the lower house at Albany and seven years later, after an interlude as sheriff of New York County and as president of the New York Board of Aldermen, he was elected for the first of his four terms as governor of the State.

That is the outline. Such a story, told in the first person singular, might be extremely dull and possibly even disgusting. In this case it is neither, primarily because Al Smith is endowed with a catholic tenderness for his fellows. That quality, plus a conscientious habit and the development of unusual executive ability, has been the secret of his career. This rare combination of talent has enabled him to split the ears of the groundlings without making the judicious grieve.

Inquisitive-minded persons who turn to this book for an inside view of political processes will be disappointed. They had best stick to Mr. Frank Kent. Mr. Smith is almost naive in respect of the things he leaves untold, and at times he seems painfully charitable in his judgments of public men. Senator Moses of New Hampshire is the only politician who scores a black mark, and in this case the provocation is extreme.

The author does give some interesting sidelights on the tasks of being legislative leader and governor in the largest State in the Union. It is interesting to note that he emphasizes his stand for decency and sanity during the witch-hunting days at the close of the World War. In an excellent chapter on Safeguarding Political and Personal Rights he gives his blast against the expulsion of the Socialist members from the State Assembly in 1920, and dwells on his messages vetoing the notorious Lusk bills which aimed to control and throttle free opinion in the State. These messages are in the spirit of Associate Justice Holmes. It is clear that Mr. Smith looks back on them with pride, and the pride is well justified. Interesting also is the exposition of his state of mind previous to the execution of some malefactor by the State. Al Smith is a humane man, and it was a racking ordeal for him to sit in the Executive Mansion with pardoning power while some wretch was being done to death by due process of law. It is clear that every execution was a time of horror to him.

The account of the recent political campaign is entertaining, though restrained. Obviously Mr. Smith is still somewhat amazed that his opponents could persistently spread stories that he had to be assisted from the rostrum while hopelessly intoxicated, that the Holland tunnel under the Hudson River was really a secret passage to the Vatican, that he maintained

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a zenaña in an Albany hotel, etc. He is still puzzled that such absurdities could be widely believed. However, slander and defamation of character have long been regarded as reputable forms of political technique. They were not first employed in 1928.

Mr. Smith's book yields little nutriment in political or economic theory. In regard to political first causes the author is wholly naive. But as a practicing politician he was born with a golden recipe. He was full of appetite for the game. In public office he had a whale of a good time. There is a lot of human revelation in his "plain story of a plain ordinary man."

HAROLD KELLOCK.

"Madonna Alice"

Alice Meynell. By Viola Meynell. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

VIOLA MEYNELL, a poet herself, has given us in this volume a charming biography of her shy, gifted mother, "the literary queen of the '90s." If it paints a portrait somewhat colored by prejudiced affection, such a sympathetic and careful study is a welcome diversion from the many recent "books of spurious fame animated by a would-be-ironic spirit which is merely cruel and shallow." We find the various aspects of the domestic, social, and literary life of Alice Meynell beautifully portrayed, but little or nothing is said of her innermost development and opinion. The reason for this may be discovered in her essays: "The true color of life is not red. Red is the color of violence, or of life broken open, edited, and published." . . . "Which of us would suffer the details of any physical suffering to be displayed and described?" Habitual reserve was typical of her.

Alice Meynell, mother of Sebastian, Monica, Everard, Madeline, Viola, Vivian, and Francis, longed "for the work of the mind, the salvation of the world" from the age of seventeen. Her husband was editor of the *Weekly Register,* a Catholic periodical, and of *Merry England,* and she with her "scholarly, linguistic, verbal love of literature, with a studiousness full of heart" aided her husband with proof-reading, translations, and reviews. She also published on her own account a series of poems and essays, beginning with the "Rhythm of Life," the "very small volume of very short essays" that made her famous, and "Preludes," a volume of poems on nature, religion, and the love of poetry. "The Children," a volume of essays, appeared in 1897, and "The Color of Life," a collection of papers from the *Pall Mall Gazette,* in 1896. "Orthodoxy in life and letters was deep and delicate and articulate in her," although some lines by Coventry Patmore hint at stirrings of liberalism.

That George Meredith was her master may be seen in her obscure and often overcrowded sentences. One of her children wrote: "She is a little obscure to readers who are not up in litruture suficiently to understand mystical touches." She felt that "words do not express our feelings, they enhance them," and spoke of Johnson's fear of death, imagining that his noble English controlled and postponed his terror. Her literary criticism was perfectly frank and honest. In referring to her "Life of Ruskin," "the praise of the master is there," said a critic, "and yet courteous alarm-bells are rung on every page." She adopted the Catholic faith as a young girl with a deliberate rational choice, accepting it wholly. In Catholicism she saw the logical administration of Christian morals, which she considered more important than faith. Her famous sonnet "Renouncement" was written when the church forbade further intimacy with the priest who received her into the church. She was always extremely ascetic, distrusting ease. She had a devout but open mind. "Her children were at once the most befriended, yet the most slighted," sometimes begging her in notes to "give up your absurd thoughts about litreture—just because Mr. Henley and those sort of unsencere men say you write well, simply because they know if they don't flatter they'll never get anything for their paper."

Next to her writing and her family, her friendships were the most important part of her life. She was adored by the most noted literary men and women of her time. George Meredith, Coventry Patmore, and Francis Thompson wrote verses in her praise, and Dickens, Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Henley, and Sargent were among her friends. Meredith met her when he was sixty-seven years old and said afterwards: "We have been waltzing together on celestial heights." He thought her the most perfect medium of the comic spirit England then had, and said of her essays: "They leave a sense of stilled singing in the minds they fill." The discovery of Francis Thompson by Wilfred Meynell and their subsequent friendship and devotion make a romantic story which has often been told. When Thompson had reached the last stages of raggedness and destitution he sent a manuscript to *Merry England* with a letter ending: "Kindly address your rejection to the Charing Cross post office." The manuscript was read and the author discovered only by a ruse. The poetry of the unkempt, diseased vagrant became a lifelong delight to Mr. Meynell. "It was at my parent's house in Palace Court that he became the utterly dependent friend—the gentle, late, voluble, flushed, dozing visitor of every day." His "Love in Dian's Lap," "the poetry of remote ennobling love," was inspired by Mrs. Meynell.

The last years of Alice Meynell's life were filled with journeys, the marriages of her children, and the war. Her health became more and more delicate but she still wrote exquisite poems. She died in 1922 after an illness of seven weeks. "A great woman of letters" she has been called. That she possessed unusual charm and a rare intellect cannot be denied. We belong to a very different age, but one which has not produced many women of her ability.

LUCY HUMPHREY SMITH

The Meaning of Chicago

Chicago. By Charles Edward Merriam. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime. By Edward D. Sullivan. Vanguard Press. $2.

THE thinking world has for a long time sought an explanation for the curious phenomenon which is Chicago. Probably in no city, save possibly Philadelphia, is the local government more soddenly corrupt. Nowhere do gunmen hold sway and pursue their private vendettas with the same picturesque energy. Nowhere is the press more meretricious, business enterprise more aggressive, and the capitalistic spirit, with its emphasis on monetary standards, more pervasive. In a word, the city is the embodiment of nearly all the unlovely qualities in American life, and W. T. Stead was not greatly wrong when he declared that hell was but a pocket edition of Chicago.

A reading of Mr. Sullivan's spicy book on the origins and conduct of the war between the Colosimo-Torrio-Genna-Capone gang and its north side rival, the O'Banion-Weiss-Drucci-Moran outfit, for the control of the bootlegging industry will reinforce this conclusion. In five years some ninety-six gangsters have been murdered with no one punished by the law. The city officials are shown either to be in partnership with crime, or, when honest, almost totally unable to control it.

Professor Charles Merriam writes out of the experience of thirty years' active participation in the public affairs of

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with an introduction by ERNESTINE EVANS

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THE CRADLE OF GOD

Llewelyn Powys

author of BLACK LAUGHTER

"A masterpiece," says JOHN HAYNES HOLMES in the N. Y. Herald Tribune. "All other books of the kind that I have seen are pale beside it. There is a tension and epic grandeur which makes it as hard to breathe in these pages as on high tablelands." And PERCY HUTCHISON says in the N. Y. Times, "If there is a true pantheist in the world, it is Llewelyn Powys." $3.00

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author of ORLANDO

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the city. In addition to his teaching he has been the principal political leader of the forces which are trying to bring Chicago nearer to the city of our dreams. For a long time member of the city council and twice defeated for the mayoralty, he became the most trusted confidant of Mayor Dever and was responsible for many of the accomplishments of that administration. It has not been a painless struggle. Although the public utility interests, which he estranged by his protection of the city's interests, were not strong enough to have him dismissed from his professorship, and although, to the credit of the university, he was never openly threatened, he was nevertheless held for twelve years without an increase on a ridiculously inadequate salary and for fifteen years the development of his department was starved. Now, in his middle fifties, he has won his personal battle and with it the respect of the very groups who formerly hated and feared him.

In his chapter on The Big Fix, Professor Merriam goes to the heart of the matter when he shows that the evils which disgrace the city are not primarily caused by a particular set of evil men. "Allow me to register a protest," he writes, "against the attitude that makes of vice and crime and graft a thing apart from our human life, as if they were not an integral cross-section of the life of our community and our society. There would not be bribe-takers if there were no bribe-givers; there would not be collections from prostitutes if there were not a wide market for prostitution; nor from gambling if there were not many gamblers, great and small; nor from bootlegging if there were not patrons of the industry; nor grafters in government if there were none in business or labor."

Since the time of Yerkes the public utility magnates of the city have debauched political life about as much as have the magnates of prostitution and liquor. Al Capone and Joe Saltis are not only brothers under the skin of many leading Chicago lights, but in politics they are generally back of the same candidates. This was notoriously the case with Thompson in 1927, and in the following year the extraordinary spectacle was presented of the leading lawyer of the city, who was then president of the American Bar Association, delivering a virtual eulogy, at a public banquet, of State's Attorney Crowe. Many of the so-called "respectable" people are therefore so deeply enmeshed in the corruption that there is little vital interest in good government on the part of the wealthy and the powerful, save for such relatively rare exceptions as Julius Rosenwald, a business man as able as his racial compatriot Insull, but who in civic matters works from the opposite pole.

To make the task more difficult, there is a wide division in the fundamental economic and political philosophy of those who do want to remedy the situation. Most of the honest business group, for example, would oppose any candidate, however honorable and efficient, who favored municipal ownership, while the labor group would defeat any candidate who was too openly a member of the so-called "elite." As if all this were not enough, three red herrings always lie across the trail of those who want decent government: namely, the liquor question, religion, and race. These divisions give rise to an almost endless series of possible political combinations, and have in part prevented any compact group such as Tammany in New York or the Vare machine in Philadelphia from completely dominating the city. All this makes the pattern of the political mosaic at once unstable and fascinating. The unstable nature of the political factions in turn permits the independents to exercise some influence by combining with the least bad of the groups. The result generally, however, is that the officials whom the independents thus help to elect make their peace with the corruptionists and life goes on much as before.

Both Professor Merriam and Mr. Sullivan end their narratives with a note of hope. Some hope there certainly is, since the majority may realize some day that it is a mathematical impossibility for all to secure special privilege, and that their best means of protection is to be found in the cooperative development of the city's resources and in the furtherance of that fundamental unity which underlies urban living. But the recognition of this fact dawns slowly upon the Chicagoan, particularly as long as the population is swelling rapidly, and until it does the capitalistic spirit will predominate in the closely interlocked trinity of Chicago—business, crime, and politics.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Devastating Elegance

Harriet Hume: A London Fantasy. By Rebecca West. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THIS is in at least one respect a very terrible book. For in it the author has seized upon an idea so dreadful and so devastating that if it should ever become a fact not only empires but civilizations would crumble, and not slowly. I do not jest in the least. Miss West has seen, as everyone at some time or other has, the irrelevant image that rises between the eye and the mind, or the eye, if you like, and the object on which it looks. She has heard the irrelevant and often frivolous and destroying thought that has thrust itself into the most intimate of conversations. She knows that while one is saying "I love you," one can at the same time be thinking "My dear, if only your tie were not green; it is so unbecoming to your eyes"; or worse still, "If I marry this man I shall be a social success." Everyone has had experiences such as these. Everyone has found himself doubling on himself, so to speak; unable to thrust aside thoughts that had no business in his head, that vitiated the most solemn and sacred matters, that made, indeed, a farce of solemnity and sacredness. What keeps the world together is that these images, these thoughts, arise in secret and in secret are crushed. No one but their originator ever knows that they exist. But Miss West has amused herself with the devilish notion of what would happen if they were not secret; if the lover knew the irrelevancies that occupied his beloved while she was in his embrace. And out of this alarming fancy she has built her story of Harriet Hume.

I am not sufficiently conversant with the London literary or political scene to know if Harriet herself, or any of her associates, is fact or fancy, or how much of either. The matter does not seem important in the least. Nor am I concerned to discover just how much of the tale took place in the mind of Arnold Condorex, her lover through many years, and how much actually happened. We have Harriet, the lovely, elfin, elusive musician; we have Condorex the climber, betrayed by his low birth into a fever of restless and unscrupulous ambition. We have Harriet able to read his thoughts—or Condorex obsessed with the idea that she can read them. We have his ruthless rise to fame and power, his scheming marriage, his final triumph in the Cabinet of his country—and his downfall and suicide. But the fable itself is subservient always to the fancy I have referred to. For again and again we are served with the spectacle of a man whose mind will wander when it should remain fixed, and of a woman who can follow those wanderings as clearly as she can hear his spoken words. The resulting debacle is not the suicide of each of them, he by a pistol in his study, she in a distant, friendly lake, but the betrayal of love to which she is a witness or to which, by her clarity, she has exposed him. It is a tribute to her book that Miss West makes this love credible and this betrayal something to mourn over.

Miss West is a writer of the most scrupulous elegance, and this talent does not fail her here. Without the decoration that makes some of her contemporaries hard to read, she cuts her lines with a careful and polished tool; she has an edge, she

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has form, she has sculptured substance. If this elegance becomes at times a trifle oppressive it is perhaps because of the impetuosity of her idea. If civilizations are to fall they must fall swiftly, not lie down like an ancient getting himself to rest. But this is to be over-captious. For there is no denying that here is a distinguished and memorable book.

DOROTHY VAN DOREN

Popular French History

The Third Republic. By Raymond Recouly. Translated from the French by E. F. Buckley. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

M. RECOULY'S book, the latest volume in the National History of France series, has the readableness which is often found in French historical writing of a popular character, and the marked anti-German bias which French nationalism, when the story of France since 1870 has to be told, seems often to impose upon even the scholar's mind. From the beginning to the end of his narrative, M. Recouly is repeatedly to be found contrasting German character and political policy with those of France or other nations, and almost always to the disadvantage of the German mind and German leaders. When, accordingly, he reaches the World War, the catastrophe appears as a culmination of policies and acts which could hardly have had any other outcome, and for which, of course, Germany was very largely to blame. To be sure, M. Recouly appears to have used the documents, and his narrative is happily free from the gross exaggerations and misleading errancies which once passed for veritable history, but he sees the war and its causes through French eyes, and his version of what took place should be acceptable to such as still think of Germany as the great offender and of France as the guiltless victim.

Fortunately, M. Recouly's bias does not prevent him from describing clearly some of the more important events in French history from 1870 to 1914. The chapters on the Commune, the Boulanger episode, the Panama and Dreyfus scandals, the entente cordiale, the Morocco incident, the Balkan War, and French colonial expansion are particularly well done, while scattered through the narrative are a number of clever sketches of such men as Thiers, Ferry, Briand, Caillaux, Poincaré, and Joffre. The account of the Peace Conference reproduces something of the French feeling of disappointment over the terms of the settlement, at the same time that Wilson and Lloyd George get off better than one might expect.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

A New Theory of Evolution

L'Ologenèse Humaine. By George Montandon. Paris: Librairie Felix Alcan. 125 francs.

IN the role of a Huxley, Dr. Montandon presents in "Ologenèse Humaine" a new theory of evolution first developed by Professor Rosa of Modena. As an anthropologist Dr. Montandon has devoted most of his book to a systematization of the races of man in the light of "ologenism." In a field which has become enormous and complex the author touches only briefly on such questions as constitutional types, blood-groups, primate evolution, biometry, and racial criteria. To prepare the ground for his systematic work on man Dr. Montandon, in a gallic manner, prefaces his book with an introduction embracing the origin of life and the continents, the succession of geological periods, the Ice Age, and prehistoric archaeology. Unfortunately, to a large extent this section is so brief and frequently banal that it has not much value. There are enough popularizations to make such a cursory statement unnecessary in a scholarly work. The fundamental principle and the basis for the later racial superstructure are in the presentation of "ologenism." After finding the current and semi-extinct theories of evolution wanting, the author in a series of postulates reveals the essence of his new theory. Briefly, in the beginning life was precipitated in all parts of the world where conditions were favorable, probably the littoral. From this multitude of organisms of a single species all the present life is descended. By an unexplained process a species develops until it reaches a stage of maturation when it dies in giving birth to two daughter species, differing in their rates of development. The precocious branch by a series of rapid developments attains a stabilized form which maintains itself over long periods of time. The corollaries of the theory are too numerous to mention but they make interesting reading for the specialist. The racial sections are obviously the result of considerable labor and form the more valuable part of the book.

H. L. SHAPIRO

Satire Delicate and Bitter

There Is Another Heaven. By Robert Nathan. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

MR. NATHAN'S satire is so delicately masked under his fantastic and extremely simple narration that few readers are likely to appreciate its subtlety. That his talent is of an individual and high order there has been no doubt since the publication eight years ago of his first novel, "Autumn." Lola Ridge once said of him that he entered into the world he created as "into his own front door," and this is literally true. Since "Autumn" a succession of elfish children have put their faces through Mr. Nathan's literary front door—"The Puppet Master," "Jonah," "The Fiddler in Barley," "The Bishop's Wife." "There Is Another Heaven" may or may not be Mr. Nathan's best work, but it is significant inasmuch as a heaven of some kind is an indispensable asset of every human soul, however bitterly the same may inveigh against it; and as irony is the sum of life, each of the three groping souls in this story gets the cut-and-dried heaven of its desires in substance, and finds the substance shadow. William Meiggs, who has a mother-complex and desires only to be reunited with the being who dominated his existence, finds her smoothly immersed in other activities; the white-haired Professor Wutheridge, who lost his mother at birth, rediscovers a person far too young and flirtatious to comprehend him; Lewis, who is actually Levy, a young Jew, deserts his own kindred for the heaven of the Gentiles and in its cold atmosphere and non-recognition suffers overwhelming tragedy.

A conventional heaven is put to confusion by the findings of these three men. What, then, is to be the satisfactory heaven? Certainly not what we plan, imagine, or expect. According to Mr. Nathan: "Death is easy—everyone finds death. But life? Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it. And if you don't find it?—what does he say? Have salt in yourselves and have peace. Why, that's a way to live, thought Mr. Lewis, to have salt in yourself. What has that to do with death?" Apparently the whimsical author feels that all human beings would benefit from a searching spiritual analysis; apparently the man Lewis, through strict honesty with himself, touches Mr. Nathan's own particular heaven. Mr. Nathan is too vastly clever for this faithless and perverse generation, but it is possible that the generation may in time acquire a liking for his bitter truths as some people acquire a taste for olives.

LAURA BENÉT

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Late Medieval Thought

Science and Thought in the Fifteenth Century. By Lynn Thorndike. Columbia University Press. $4.75.

THIS volume may in a sense be regarded as a continuation of the author's monumental two-volume work on the history of magic and experimental science during the Middle Ages. Up-to-date historians have established the fact that there was no abrupt conclusion to the medieval period, followed by a sudden flourishing of a so-called Renaissance in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Professor Thorndike and several other writers have gone still farther and have defended the sound position that there was no sharp break in thought and culture as one passes from the fifteenth century into the sixteenth; in other words, that there was a remarkable persistence of medieval ideas and interests into early modern times. The present work brings forward ample clinical evidence to support this contention.

The book is an admirable example of erudite historical writing, chiefly of a monographic character. Most of the chapters are devoted to special topics or particular authors, and much of the material is highly esoteric in character. It is distinctly a book for the specialist, who will find in it much curious and relevant information ordinarily overlooked in the history of science. Those in search of illuminating generalizations regarding the nature and development of late medieval thought and science will not be so richly rewarded by a perusal of the volume. More attention is given to the history of medicine than to any other subject. For the general public the most valuable and interesting chapters are the first, dealing with the general nature of late medieval science, and the seventh, which describes the astronomical views of that original scientist and publicist Nicholas of Cusa. As a whole, the book is another trustworthy brick which some future writer may exploit in erecting the general edifice of the intellectual history of Western society. HARRY ELMER BARNES

Draining the Dismal Swamp

The Useful Art of Economics. By George Soule. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THE experimental or realistic method has but slowly penetrated economic thought; meanwhile the dismal principles of Ricardo's and Nassau Senior's pseudo-science have held the fort. In spite of what laboratory and engineering technique were doing, with the supposedly kindred laws of physics, to industry, transportation, and communication, the "laws" of economics remained a priori, sacrosanct, and untouchable. When changed conditions of life and labor became uncomfortable enough to force *ad hoc* modifications in laissez faire, certain adjustments and accretions were accepted; thus neo-classical economic theory accommodated itself to trade unions, trusts, cartels, factory legislation, and banking control, much as Ptolemaic astronomy sought to revise, without rejecting, Aristotle's concentric universe.

The economic Galileos have been protesting for a considerable time that business activities are not guided by an invisible hand, but by the decisions and policies of individuals and groups. Yet economic textbooks, however liberal or reactionary, continue to show that a few simple axioms, reverently handed down from teacher to teacher, still determine economic thought. While particular situations have been realistically studied—the business cycle, production and consumers' choices, finance, the coal industry—there has been a notable lack of

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J. A. Flexner

Books in Brief

Hill of Destiny. By Jean Giono. Introduction and Translation by Jacques Le Clercq. Brentano's. $2.50.

Mr. Le Clercq was chairman of the jury which awarded the French original of this novel the Prix Brentano for 1929. This American Prix Brentano, of 25,000 francs and therefore financially better than the Prix Lasserre, the French Academy's Grand Prix de Littérature, or any of the other literary prizes distributed in France, has gone, this year at least, to an extraordinarily powerful book. The story of a little settlement of peasants in the foot-hills of the Alps, desperately and blindly defending itself against two mysterious enemies, nature and a guileful old paralytic in their own midst, yields to few books of the kind in vigor and baleful suggestiveness. It is remarkably well translated by Mr. Le Clercq, who renders the Haute Provence dialect very successfully into a provincial English speech which occasionally tempts the American reader to reach for his dialect dictionary.

Dancing Catalans. By John Langdon-Davies. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

The Catalans have a national folk-dance called the Sardana. Mr. Langdon-Davies "sees more than a popular dance as he watches the Sardana . . . it is a peg on which to hang, like a discarded coat, his over-sharp attention, his too photographic wide-awake mind, leaving him free to be carried along by successive waves of unorganized reverie." Out of this unorganized reverie has been written this book, in which he speculates upon and describes in a leisurely, charming manner the Catalans and their relation to the rest of Spain, to the new industrial encroachments, their former untouched identification with the soil and landscape of their country, and their present unwillingness to conform to Castilian domination. It is neither wholly a travel book of Spain, nor a book of the dance, nor a philosophical and economic interpretation of a people. But it is a little bit of all these written by a cultivated Englishman whose basking in a warm Mediterranean sun has mellowed his random thoughts without loss to their logical integrity. Whereas "A Short History of Women" by the same author was the exact and careful

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development in a scholarly manner of a thesis, "Dancing Catalans" is strung together only on the occasional descriptions of the Sardana and wanders from that focus here and there. At the end is appended its choreography, and one gets from it a possible clew to the rhythmic intricacies of all primitive tribal dances.

Last Nights of Paris. By Philippe Soupault. Translated by William Carlos Williams. The Macaulay Company. $2.50.

This charming extravaganza which seemed, when it first appeared in France, to turn M. Soupault back into the current of letters (for several years he had been dawdling in the stagnant backwaters of Dadaism, super-realism, and so on) is prefaced by a most inept and inaccurate note on the author by Mathew Josephson. Mr. Josephson apparently swallowed the manifestos of the Dadaist movements and others when they were flung across the café tables of Montparnasse, and he now, quite naturally, finds it hard to get rid of them. Dadaism does *not* go back to Stendhal; it is not, and never was, a "heroic" event, and both M. Soupault and M. Tzara have (in the one case avowedly and in the other case implicitly) "abjured their actions." It is to be hoped, however, that American readers will not let themselves be prejudiced against the book by the foreword. The book tells the fantastic adventures of a Paris prostitute named Georgette as seen through a delicate, gifted temperament. M. Soupault has no American followers unless it be Robert Coates, the author of "The Eater of Darkness," but he belongs to a school of writing which includes both Paul Morand and Jean Giraudoux, Virginia Woolf and Julia Peterkin. The translation is faithful and understandingly done.

The Elizabethan Jig and Related Song Drama. By Charles Read Baskervill. The University of Chicago Press. $5.

Mr. Baskervill has in this big volume written probably the last word on Elizabethan song-and-dance. The records are scanty, since the form never had standing either as literature or as music; but Mr. Baskervill has spent fifteen years in bringing the evidence together. His researches throw light upon much in Elizabethan drama that was dark before; his texts of numerous English, Dutch, and German dialogues in doggerel are authoritative and most illuminating.

The Book Shelf

The Concert-Goer's Library of Descriptive Notes, by Rosa Newmarch (two volumes; Oxford University Press; $1.50 each), comprises notes chosen mainly from the analytical programs of the Queen's Hall orchestra, London, from 1908 to 1927.

Recent additions to "The Reference Shelf" series include *Baumes Law* and *Thirteen-Month Calendar,* by Julia E. Johnsen, and *Government Fund for Unemployment,* by Helen M. Muller (H. W. Wilson Company; 90 cents each).

The *Epistola ad Fratres Minores* of William of Occam has been edited with a critical historical introduction and extensive notes by C. Kenneth Brampton (Oxford; Basil Blackwell; 6 shillings).

A new edition of *Contemporary American Literature: Bibliographies and Study Outlines,* by John M. Manly and Edith Rickert (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $2.25), offers a thoroughgoing revision of a book first published in 1922. Many new authors have been included and "hundreds of books and critical entries have been added."

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So Say the Wise, compiled and edited by Hazel Cooley and Norman L. Convin (George Sully and Company; $2), is a collection of "modern thoughts" and "wise cracks" by contemporary writers arranged under such headings as America, divorce, the intelligentsia, jazz, marriage, prohibition, sex, and other suggestive rubrics.

Four Famous Greek Plays—the "Medea" of Euripides, the "Oedipus Rex" of Sophocles, the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, and the "Agamemnon of Aeschylus"—edited with an introduction by Professor Paul Landis of the University of Illinois, and Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*, with an introduction by Arthur Machen, are recent additions to the Modern Library (New York: The Modern Library; 95 cents each).

The career of Johns Hopkins, founder of the university that bears his name, is recounted in *Johns Hopkins: A Silhouette,* by Helen Hopkins Thorn (Baltimore; Johns Hopkins Press; $2.75).

English Prose of the Nineteenth Century, by Hardin Craig and J. M. Thomas (F. S. Crofts and Company; $3.50), is a collection of extracts from fourteen writers, beginning with Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt and ending with Huxley, Pater, and Stevenson.

Writers of short stories who still feel a need of instruction in that art will be interested in *Writing the Short Story* and *Significant Short Stories,* by Edith Mirrielees of Stanford University (Doubleday, Doran and Company; each $1.75).

Indian Scientists (Madras; G. A. Natesan and Company; 3 rupees) comprises sketches of the lives, researches, discoveries, and inventions of Dr. Mahendralal Sircar, Sir J. C. Bose, Dr. P. C. Ray, Sir C. V. Raman, Professor Ramachandra, and Srinivasa Ramanujan.

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Films

The Miracle of "Arsenal"

THEY are still coming from Russia, those breath-taking revelations of genius that make cinematic history. You may doubt this statement if you see "Arsenal" (Film Guild Cinema) only once. I was doubtful myself when I saw it for the first time. But I have no doubts now after my second visit to the theater. "Arsenal" is one of the most beautiful pictures that has ever been shown. In Russia today they judge works of art by their social significance; the artist, like any craftsman, must execute a "social order." Dovzhenko, the director of "Arsenal," has fulfilled this requirement, I understand, to the complete satisfaction of his customer. But he has done more. He has produced a piece of palpitating reality that transcends its immediate political message and reaches into the ideal realm where rights are rights and wrongs are wrongs simply because the artist willed them to be so.

I am not sure, for instance, that communism as a religious cult is any less grotesque and funny than is the cult of nationalism. What does it matter? When I see "Arsenal" communism is right with me and nationalism all wrong, and I laugh at the Ukrainian patriots glorying in their embroidered shirts and cascades of patriotic oratory, or hate their cool executioners who shoot Bolsheviks like rats, while my heart goes out to the poor dying soldier who in his death-bed letter to his parents inquires if he may kill officers and bourgeois if he meets them in the street. There it is. The artist has made you accept his characters in the light in which he wants them to be seen, and you surrender yourself to the spell of his art because he has succeeded in creating an independent ideal world, entirely self-sustained and coherently compact, which has its own life and its own emotional logic.

It is strange that one should be so conscious of this inner unity, seeing that the first impression one gets from "Arsenal" is that of utter incoherence. There is hardly any story in the picture. Groups of soldiers fight other groups of soldiers, incidental characters spring up from nowhere and disappear into nowhere, and you hardly know who is who or what it is all about. But once you have become familiar with the faces and grasped the general line of action, every character and every scene falls into its proper place as part of an emotional pattern. It is the great achievement of Dovzhenko that he has built this pattern and bound his picture together by means of a purely cinematic treatment of rhythm. Nothing so rich in contrasts, so subtle in nuances, has yet been done on the screen. The fury of the revolutionary struggle, its tragedies and humors, are all brought out by variations of rhythm that range from complete stillness with characters posing like statues, to breathless speed carrying all before it like so much litter in a gale. The episode of a run-away train, outwardly unconnected with the story, acquires symbolical significance as a rhythmic accent in a symphony of struggle that is the real story of "Arsenal." There are two or three scenes in which symbolism appears to be somewhat forced, the characters, standing still in unnatural positions, doing symbolical duty in a picture of life that is essentially realistic; but if this is a blemish it is a minor one. The picture as a whole is an amazing performance, no less rich in its technical resourcefulness than in its dramatic sense of human character; and it is splendidly acted.

In "The Last Performance" (Little Carnegie) Paul Fejos has produced probably his best picture. At least it shows a marked originality in treatment, unaccompanied, however, by anything equally original in the appreciation of dramatic values.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Drama

Love on the Campus

MARTIN FLAVIN, author of "The Criminal Code," is also responsible for "Cross Roads" (Morosco Theater). It is a drama dealing seriously with the sexual difficulties of students, and the first thing to be said about it is that it manages to escape the most obvious defects of plays upon this or similarly gaudy themes. Just why dramas about sophomores should be usually sophomorish and dramas about Broadway usually Broadwayish I do not know, but the fact remains that they are, and though Mr. Flavin is certainly not exactly subdued he does manage to discuss road-houses and necking without inviting a whistle from the gallery. The second thing to be said about his contribution to the already voluminous literature of the subject is that he undoubtedly succeeds in keeping the interest of the audience alive by a skilful use of a favorite craftsman's trick—which is to make things happen so fast that one does not have time to realize, until everything is over, that few of the events would have been exactly unexpected if one had been given much time to expect anything.

Michael is an unusually serious-minded pre-medical student. With at least five years of schooling ahead of him he is in love with a co-ed, and in two members of the faculty he has a vivid warning of what happens to lovers who wait too long. The co-ed rejects his desperate proposal to abandon his career and then, in a moment of utter loneliness, a willing flapper who works in the lunch-room passes by. Twenty years ago, says the professor, he would have paid a visit to the red-light district, but conditions have changed and he and the flapper seek the upper floors of a road-house. Unfortunately there is a raid, followed by the familiar drama of newspaper scandal and the blackmailing father. It is, says Mr. Flavin by implication, unreasonable to expect a young man to remain virginal until thirty. But what is the answer? The prostitute used to be unctuously accepted as the instrument by means of which the purity of virgins was protected. Perhaps the shopgirl often performs a similar function today, but the system can hardly be regarded as ideal.

The story which Mr. Flavin has chosen asks his questions in a fashion sufficiently pointed, but considered purely as the foundation for a work of dramatic art it has the defect of most stories invented for the purpose of asking a social question. The incidents, the characters, in fact everything about it is obviously typical. Despite the competence of the dialogue one never has the feeling that here is a moving tale significant because it has its roots in contemporary life, but only that here is a synthetic story concocted for the purpose of expounding one of the problems of that life. Perhaps the distinction seems oversubtle, but as a matter of fact it is extremely important for it is the distinction between the kind of vital realistic drama which can achieve a first-rate artistic importance and the mere "problem play" which has always been one of the step-children of the stage.

Furthermore it can hardly be said that Mr. Flavin throws any new light on the subject of his discussion. The moral (pretty explicitly stated) seems to be that one had best eat one's cake before it grows stale. But neither the author nor his characters seem ever to have heard of certain widely circulated proposals which, according to our more conservative friends, have been all too widely acted upon. Is there no choice except that between delay, the surrender of one's career, and dubious dallyings with nymphs from the lunch counter? Judge Lindsey has had something to say on the subject. Moreover, road-houses are not very particular as to whom they take in.

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Mr. Flavin is also author of a comedy entitled "Broken Dishes" (Ritz Theater) which retells the always gratifying story of the down-trodden husband who finally turns. Here, too, everything is familiar, from the jug of hard cider which gives the husband his ounce of courage to the final curtain which shows him puffing a cigar in the sacred parlor; but thanks to the author's substantial technique and the excellent performance of Donald Meek the comedy is both lively and diverting. "Thunder in the Air" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) is interesting chiefly as a commentary upon the difference between English and American taste. Though one of the hits of the London season, it failed to awaken even a flicker of interest in the American audience. In it a group of wax dummies spout dismal commonplaces about immortality, and a singularly substantial ghost appears to each in turn for the purpose, apparently, of convincing them that the dead live in our memories in a condition determined by the thoughts we had of them during their life.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet" (Ziegfeld) once more arouses wonder that any man can be a virtuoso of such diverse talents. The entire production is by Mr. Coward, who has written the words, composed the music, and staged the piece. That his talents are so diverse may explain why no one of them in this production quite makes the impact of genius. The Marchioness of Shayne, gracefully played by the fragile, charming Evelyn Laye, begins at the end of the first scene to sing a song, which somehow turns the action back to her own youth and lets her story follow till it comes up sharp against the last scene of the third act, in which her song is concluded. Mr. Coward has a chance to amuse himself with the costumes and gestures of an age which, his representation shows, was preposterous as well as heroic.

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Criminal Code—National—W. 41st St.
Cross Roads—Morosco—W. 45th St.
Irish Theatre—The Silver Tassie—7th Ave. & W. 4th St.
Journey's End—Henry Miller—W. 43rd St.
June Moon—Broadhurst—W. 44th St.
Marionette Theatre—Garrick, W. 35th St.—Sat. mornings.
Rope's End—Masque—W. 45th St.
Street Scene—The Playhouse—W. 48th St.
Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
Sweet Adeline—Hammerstein—Broadway & 53rd St.
The Assembly—The Ledge—105 W. 29th St. (Op. Nov. 20th).
The Channel Road—Plymouth—W. 45th St.
A Ledge—The Assembly, W. 39th Street, Play.
The Little Show—Music Box—W. 45th St.
Yiddish Art Theatre—Jew Suss—Broadway & 28th St.

First Nights

The Game of Love and Death—Guild Theatre—W. 52nd St., Op. Nov. 25th.
The Silver Swan—Martin Beck, W. 45th St., Operetta, Nov. 20th.
The Shoestring Revue—Lyric, Hudson St., Hoboken, Nov. 20th.
Robin Hood—Jolson's, 59th St. & 7th Ave.—Revival. Nov. 19th.

Films

Arsenal—Film Guild—52 W. 8th St.
Condemned—Selwyn—W. 42nd St.
Disraeli—Warner Bros.—Broadway & 52nd St.
Growth of the Soil—Momart—Fulton & Rockwell, Brooklyn
Shiraz—55th St. Playhouse—154 W. 55th St.
The News Reel Theatre—Embassy—Broadway & 46th St.

Concerts

Angna Enters—Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, Dec. 1, Booth, W. 45th St.
Conductorless Symphony—Sat. Eve., Nov. 30th, Carnegie Hall.
Friends of Music—Sun. Aft., Nov. 24, Mecca Temple, 133 W. 55th St.
Lener String Quartet—Fri. Eve., Nov. 22, Wed. Eve., Nov. 27, Carnegie Hall.
Manhattan Symphony—Sun. Eve., Nov 24, Mecca Temple, 133 W. 55th St.
Philharmonic Symphony—Thurs. Eve., Nov. 20, 28, Fri. Aft., Nov. 22, 29, Carnegie Hall; Sun. Aft., Dec. 1st, Metropolitan Opera House.
Philharmonic Symphony, Junior Orchestral Concerts—Sat. Morn., Nov. 23, 30, Carnegie Hall.
Roth Quartet—Mon. Eve., Nov. 25, Town Hall, W. 43rd St.
Cornelia Otis Skinner—Sun. Eve., Nov. 24, Dec. 1, Forrest, W. 49th St.
Thibaud & Cortot—Tues. Eve., Nov. 26, Carnegie Hall.
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Mussolini's Red Herring

By MARCUS DUFFIELD

MUSSOLINI has announced that American citizens of Italian extraction no longer will be seized for military service when traveling in Italy. This is an exceedingly shrewd move, presumably in answer to the recent discussion of Fascist aggression in the United States, in the course of which a Senatorial investigation was suggested. Only readers of headlines will be apt to draw the conclusion that Mussolini, having had his attention called to the abuse, promptly bowed to American wishes and corrected it, and that the problem of military seizures in Italy which has long bothered our State Department now has been satisfactorily solved. Such an impression is exactly what Il Duce desires. He is only too eager to keep in favor with America, whence comes the money that props his dictator's throne.

Actually, however, a close examination of the official announcement through the Stefani Agency, as issued in Washington by Ambassador Giacomo de Martino, reveals that Mussolini has drawn a red herring across the trail in the apparent hope of quieting the agitation in the United States over the astonishing activity of the Fascists here. He has conceded almost nothing, and tacitly admitted a great deal. The heart of the Fascist government announcement is contained in this sentence:

> *Italian citizens* residing on the other side of the ocean, notwithstanding the kind of passport which they might present in Italy, whether issued by Italian authorities or by the authorities of the *foreign country where they were born,* cannot but be considered in excess of the necessity of the military service in time of peace and therefore free from being molested in any way as far as the military-service duties are concerned.

In other words, the announcement says in effect:

> Il Duce, finding that the policy of seizing Italo-Americans for military service causes an uproar all out of proportion to the number of potential warriors he gains, is graciously granting American citizens the special dispensation of visiting Italy without being so seized.

This will be welcome news to Italo-Americans planning visits to the home country and to our State Department, which will no longer be plagued by the constant necessity of making routine protests about our unfortunate citizens who have heretofore fallen into the toils of the Italian military system. It is to be hoped, however, that the two genuinely important issues involved will not be lost sight of because the immediate source of irritation has been removed.

In the first place, the official announcement takes particular care to emphasize Italy's *right* to seize our citizens if she so desires. The italics, which are mine, clearly bring out the fact that the Fascist government still regards individuals born in America of Italian parentage as Italian citizens. Our government, on the other hand, necessarily maintains that any person born in this country is an American citizen. The conflict between the laws of the two nations in this respect is, therefore, just as acute as it was before. Mussolini has made a lordly gesture which means little. If our State Department means to assure American citizens the protection they should have when traveling abroad, it still must press the negotiations with the Fascist government on this point. It is important not as a matter of nationalistic self-assertion, but to make good our melting-pot welcome to immigrants which implies the promise of the shelter of our citizenship.

The second point which Mussolini seeks to obscure by his magnanimous renunciation is the continuance of the active Fascist campaign in the United States to divert to Il Duce the allegiance of American citizens of Italian extraction. The seizure of our citizens in Italy for military service is perhaps the most spectacular feature of Mussolini's sub-surface invasion of America, but it is far from being the most important. If he can lull our suspicions to sleep by granting us the privilege of visiting Italy without being popped into the army, much is gained and little lost. The essence of the matter is naively yet tactfully set forth in the opening sentence of his announcement, which admits that the Fascist government "has made every effort to develop or create a movement toward the motherland of Italians residing abroad." This leaves the Italian ambassador in a curious position after his recent statement that "we are glad to have our people who go to the United States become naturalized." Somebody appears to be mistaken.

While Mussolini is giving up his right of seizure, his agents in this country are laboring as diligently as ever, first, to keep Italians in this country loyal to Il Duce so that they will be ready to fight for him in the next war; and, second, to suppress at all costs criticism in the United States of the Fascist regime, so that America will not hesitate to lend him more money to pay his current running expenses.

The first aim is being achieved by inculcating Fascist patriotism in young Americans of Italian parentage through the schools which Mussolini has set up in this country, and exhorting Italo-American parents through his press here. The Fascists in New York City went to the length of sending a boat-load of impressionable Italo-American children on a free trip to Italy for a propaganda training course in the Balilla camps.

The second aim, suppression of criticism, is being accomplished by attacking anti-Fascists in America with the business boycott, social pressure, personal violence, and terrorization of their families in Italy. The Fascist methods are all too effective.

Mussolini's efficient organization in America still is functioning to get human and financial war material from this country, in direct defiance of our attempt to assimilate the alien citizen. A Senatorial investigation is needed just as badly as it was before Mussolini promised not to molest our Italo-Americans in Europe.

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